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LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Farewell, "to fix that thou should'st delineate
This love in love and friendship—Send it forth
To those whose souls are kindred, and will share,
And they will trace their common thoughts for thee
As tributes of affection. Let it bear
On every page some feeling of the heart,
Some sweet memorial of a quick high
And gentle or thy eyes, and it will be
To thee a holy record, a dear wreath
Of pure and blossoms, ever blooming on,
Unblighted by the chilling airs of earth.
Still fresh and bright, and changeless.

Dear one, thou
Art young and lovely. There are many hearts
That love thee with a deep idolatry,
But they will perish, one by one, like leaves
In the cold winds of Autumn, and the dust
Of the cold grave will press them down, and moan
Upon the dear communion they have held
Within this volume, as the Moslem dwells
Upon some relic of his prophet's tomb.
Ay, thou wilt read, and every page will tell,
In deep and wondrous eloquence, of days
Too beautiful to last. The blessed know
Of long but friends in Fancy's dreaming car
Will revel upon the twilight winds that come
Of low Eolian melody, their eyes
Will look all mournfully in thine, their arms
Will fold thee in a fast embrace, and tears
Of sure and grief will storm in fire away;
And this will dream thee into a girl once more.

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BION, THE WANDERER;

OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE BOLD-HEARTED," "THE OUTCASTED, OR MYSTERY OF ——" "RANGER, THE SCOUT," "WO, ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE TWO COUSINS.

Mr. Narrowgirdle sat in his store again, and his feet were raised to the edge of the stove. He had just eaten from his breakfast, and had taken up the morning paper. It was the morning of the fifteenth of December, and the wind blew cold, and the snow lay piled up against the doors and stoops, for there had been a storm during the night. As he read on, Mr. Narrowgirdle uttered an exclamation of sudden interest, and turned towards his partner, who had entered only a few moments before, and was now warming his hands over the stove as usual.

"Ah—the world's done!" said Narrowgirdle.

"What work?" asked Makepeace.

"Don't you remember, a few days ago, of reading about the sickness of the orphan boy who had lost his mother?"

"O—yes. Set's o' Hunt'ley, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well—what of him now?"

"Just read that." And as Narrowgirdle spoke he handed the paper to his partner with his thumb placed against the article to which he alluded.

Mr. Makepeace took the paper and read as follows:

"DIED ON MONDAY.—Our readers will remember that we spoke, a few days since, of the case of a poor orphan boy who had a mother in the Almshouse. We mentioned then that the little fellow's heart was literally breaking beneath the weight of misery concerned upon his bereavement. A sad burden! Bion Huntley is no more! Though only five years old, he could not endure the cruel separation from his sister, and his consumption was at once developed in the depth of thought and keen perception. But he has been out of the dark hall of childhood, and, we trust, he soars for earth, has caught its rest in the land of the Redeemer.

"His father was lost at sea a year ago, his mother followed in her time; and now the child has been gathered to it. He leaves only one relative—a cousin, the only brother of his father—Christopher Huntley, Esq.,—who secures the fate of his beloved nephew with a care that cannot be obtained by gold.

"The funeral will take place at noon on the 17th inst."

This same notice was in several papers, and worded very near the same in all—save that the man who read them all could not fail to detect the same hand on each.

And while the printer, straining his eyes over the dingy copy by the light of his lamp, was putting that letter in type, the "uncle," unconscious of "with a grief that could not be comforted," was busy at work preparing for the morning. Barnabas Lattimore was with him, rendering affectionate and sympathetic assistance.

As soon as Bion had been disposed of, Huntley and Lattimore went in a carriage to a wretched dwelling not far from the corner of Front and Orange streets, where their summons was answered by a poverty-stricken woman. She spoke not a word, but led the way to a small closet in the rear of the house, where, beneath a heap of rags, was found something carefully folded and tied in an old quilt. Lattimore brought it out, and having opened one corner and untied it, he found it to be a woman and gave her four pieces of gold. She caught the glittering money with a convulsive grasp, and at the moment she felt thankful that her dead boy was thus enabled to bring her the means of sustaining her own life. She did not feel ashamed, for the body was to have Christian burial.

The bundle was put into the coach, and then the two men were driven to the house in Pearl street. The bundle was carried up into the front room, where it was opened, and the dead boy taken out.

As the struggling rays of a single oil lamp fell upon the corpse they revealed a face of marble, with features sharp and angular, but yet regular and symmetrical. He had been a handsome boy, and very near Bion's age. The hair was the same in color, and clustered about the neck and should ers in the same sort of wavy curls. The brow was not so high as Bion's, nor was the head so fully developed upon the top. But those things could be hidden by arranging the hair and fixing the body in its narrow resting-place.

The coffin—a handsome one of mahogany, with silver escutcheon, and a silver plate upon the lop,—was placed upon the table, and then the guardian went out and brought in two women, whom he had hired to lay the body for burial.

Just at midnight Christopher Huntley stood by the side of the coffin alone. He gazed into it, and he thought how nearly that cold face resembled the face of his orphan'. He stood then, with his finger upon a soft, fluxen ringlet, moving it up over a part of the ear which was not like Bion's ear, when the heavy hour of the clock of Old Trinity came booming through the wintry night. He started at the sound, for he knew 'twas midnight; and at that moment there was something terribly awful about that mystic hour.

Hark! There is a voice in the midnight bell. It says,—

"As you keep your faith with your dying sister, so may God do unto you!"

Those were the words that came, and the guilty man started back from the coffin, and gazed about him as though he expected to see some spirit present. But in a few moments the thought of the gold that would be his overcame his momentary fear, and having closed the lid of the ghostly box he tried the doors, to be sure that they were secure, and then went into the back chamber, and threw himself upon the bed.

On the following day quite a number of people came to see the remains of the orphan boy, and among them were two young ladies from the old house in Church street. They stood for a long while over the coffin, and the tears that started to their eyes told how much they were moved. They had loved the gentle child, and they could not help feeling that he might have better had he not been taken from them.

"He has changed very much," whispered the eldest sister, after viewing the face from different points of observation.

"Very much," returned the other. "I should not have known him."

"Nor should I."

And yet they did not think there was anything strange in the matter. They had often seen face much altered in death; and they went away without the least shadow of a suspicion.

"Ha! it was well for the wicked uncle uttered to himself, after the two girls had gone. "How they wept over him! *If they* are not deceived I have no fear."

When night came again Mr. Huntley put on his coat and went out.

Lida and Lizzy were in the little attic of Old Ivory's house. Lida had been fed privately by the deaf and dumb woman, but had seen no one who could speak with them. They sat upon the edge of their bed, where they had been sitting since supper, and knew not upon their dark church.

"Hark!" said Lida. "I hear somebody coming."

Lizzy started up, and as she did so the tramp of heavy feet was heard in the passage leading to their room. The key long the door was opened, and Christopher Huntley rushed in.

"Lida! Lizzy!" he cried, in well-assumed joy, "thank Heaven, I have found you at last! How came you here?" he added, seizing each by the hand.

"Oh—we was fetched by wicked white men, Mary Christopher," answered Lizzy. "They run away wid us spite oh all we could do. Oh! we is so glad!"

"The wretches!" exclaimed Huntley, with an angry expression. "I know them, and they shall repent for this! But come, girls. I have a melancholy sight for you!"

Lida clasped her hands quickly to her heart, and a chilled groan escaped from her lips. She knew too well what was meant.

"What is it, Mary?" asked Lizzy, who did not comprehend so quickly.

"I will tell you as we ride along. But come—let us be off out of this. The villains who brought you here shall be severely punished for this. And they won't get the money they expected, neither. Why—what d'ye suppose the rascals meant?"

The guardian looked into his face, but did not speak.

"Why," he resumed, "they stole you away and brought you here, knowing that I should offer a large reward for the discovery of your whereabouts."

"Do!" uttered Lizzy, "dat's jus' what we's speckted. We know'd dat must be de awful meanin' ob our enlargement. My soul! I 'spected nuff'n some bad dat dey'd kill us, dey was so ugly!"

The guardian made no further remark, but led the way from the room; and ere long they gained the street, where a carriage was in waiting. They entered it and were driven off. Several times Lida seemed upon the point of speaking, but she dared not ask the question that lay fearfully upon her thoughts. After a long, round-about drive, they reached the house which they had been dragged, and Huntley assisted them to alight. When they reached the hall three seemed to be a solemn stillness pervading the place which was painfully ominous.

"Mark," whispered Lida, "where is Bion ?"

"He's safe, Lida—safe with his mother!"

The poor girl fell back to the wall, and clasped her hands over her eyes. Heavy groans burst from her lips, and her frame shook with the dreadful emotion that was upon her. She followed the guardian up the stairs—into the front room. She looked—she saw the table—she saw the coffin—a small coffin—just large enough for *him!* She started—a strange cry burst from her lips, and she fell upon the table, she sank down upon the floor, and when they raised her she found her in a swoon!

But we will not dwell upon this scene. Lida finally recovered, and was able to steal and view the face of him who slept. She wept bitterly, and her sobs were painful to those who heard them. Even Christopher Huntley almost pitied her. She had loved the boy—loved him with all her soul—and now that he was gone, he left upon her heart such a sense of loneliness and despair, that she felt as though she must die. Though she could only be a burden to her from that time forth.

All night long, the two girls watched by the dead boy, and when they left the room they had changed very much; yet, they concluded that they would have known him.

At noon of the following day, the funeral took place. Quite a number of people were present, drawn thither by curiosity, arising from the notices which had appeared in the papers. The clergyman in charge performed the service in the usual form, and prayed earnestly for the soul of the departed.

Away in one corner of the room was a woman, nearly clad, who kept her head bowed in hide the tears that would not be stayed. After the services were concluded, and many of the visitors had left, this poor woman advanced to the side of the coffin. She looked upon the face of the dead—the face of sleeping child, and as she raised her head, she met the keen, unmeaning glance of Mr. Huntley. She turned quickly away, and when she reached an unobserved corner, she gave way to her feelings again.

Christopher Huntley had furnished six coaches, and when people were informed that five of them were free, they were soon filled; so the hearse was followed by quite a respectable show of importance. At a distance, followed the poor woman on foot. She had not dared to get into a carriage. But she saw the body of her child placed in consecrated ground. She saw the heavy earth piled back upon

HUNTLEY PURCHASING THE BEGGAR BOY'S CORPSE.

the little coffin; and when the last sod was replaced, she turned away. All were gone, save herself and the sexton. The latter gazed around when the work was done, and sharply entered the seeming mendicant from the place. Ah! he little dreamed that of all the people who had come to the place of burial that day, this poor woman was the only mourner—that she alone on earth had known and loved the boy whom he had buried!

But the unknown mother moved quickly away, and, as she went, she prayed that God might not hold her guilty for what she had done!

The day was towards its close when Christopher Huntley stood in the room where the funeral services had been held, and with him were Lida and Lizzy. The two girls had been weeping, but the guardian had commanded their attention, so they wiped their eyes, and turned towards him.

"Well, girls—what do you mean to do now?"

As they heard this question, they were for the first time brought to think of the future. They gazed first upon the speaker, and then at each other.

At this moment, some one knocked at the door. Mr. Huntley opened it, and found Mrs. Gambail there—the woman who kept the large boarding-house in Church street. She had come to see if Lida and Lizzy had been engaged. Mr. Huntley's face flushed in a moment, for this offer on the part of one whom the girls well knew relieved him of quite a burden.

The woman asked Lida if she would come and live with her. The answer was a direct affirmative. The same question was put to Lizzy, and she answered with the same promptness and to the same effect. Before nine o'clock that evening the two girls were duly installed in their domestic places at the great house, and their clothing had been all deposited in their new home.

Mr. Huntley asked them how much was due them for labor done since the death of their mistress; but they had no idea about it. Mrs. Huntley then told them all they wanted, and beyond that there had been no arrangement. They had been her slaves and she had given them liberty. Christopher offered them fifty dollars each in silver coin. The man and the glittering bulk, seemed overmuch to them, and they took it gratefully.

And thus was the plotting uncle well nigh deprived of his hapless wards. Only one more thing was necessary to fill up the measure of deception in which the dead boy had played so important a part, and that was the proper mark for the grave. This he attended to at once, and by the advice of Lattimore he had a stone erected to agree in appearance somewhat with the social position he was supposed to sleep beneath. No stone had yet been erected over the grave of his sister-in-law, and he had them both made now.

In due time two handsome marble slabs were put up over two graves that lay side by side. The upper one bore the name of "BARBARA HUNTLEY, aged 27; Relict of Gideon Huntley, Esq., who was lost at sea in a foreign clime." There was an appropriate motto; and the device upon the stone was very neat.

The second stone bore the following:—

SACRED
To the memory of
BION HUNTLEY,
Aged 5 yrs. and ten mos.,
Only child of
GIDEON AND BARBARA HUNTLEY,
of New Orleans, La.

The father lies buried beneath a foreign sea, while mother and child sleep here. May these souls meet in Heaven."

The men who put up those stones observed a miserable looking woman who stood apart and watched them narrowly. When they were gone she moved towards the spot and read the inscription upon the marble.

She stood a long while over the grave of the boy, and when she finally walked slowly away it was a prayer over her lips. It was an old prayer with her. She prayed to God that he might not hold her guilty for what she had done!

CHAPTER XI.

CAIN.

When Bion awoke in the morning he started up and gazed about him, and at length the circumstances of the previous evening came to his mind. He arose and dressed himself as far as he could, and then sat down and looked out at the window; but all he could see was a dingy wall of brick some six feet distant. He looked up, and he looked down; then he gazed upon one side, and then upon the other—but still that same brick wall could be see. He made up his mind at once that he would not have such a chamber. He had just lowered the curtain when the door was opened, and Margery Grist entered.

"Ah, my lordie man, I'm glad to see ye a lookin' so bright this mornin'!"

As she spoke she advanced and took the boy's hand. He gazed up into her face, and, with all her ugliness, he felt a sort of trust in her at that moment. She spoke kindly, and then there was something in the gray she gave his hand that seemed to evince good feeling.

"How does my lordie man feel this mornin'?"

"Pretty well, ma'am, but I don't like this room."

"No—Lida is'n't here."

"Perhaps it is too early for her to come now."

The woman did not reply at once. She gazed into the child's upturned face, and seemed to be pondering upon the course she should pursue. Finally she went and sat down upon the chair by the side of the bed, and drew the bed to her knee.

"Bion," she said, in a very low, persuasive tone, overcoming the horrible cracking of her voice by speaking just above a whisper, "do ye know ye'r cousin haint done jest as he ought to 's' done. Now dasn't be a feared, 'cause I'm a goin' to be a friend to ye. Jest as true as ye live, ye lordie darlin,' I'll take good care on ye."

"Lida! Mary! Is she care of us?" cried the boy, with sudden alarm. "O—no, no,—Lida and Lizzy 'll take care of me."

"You must wait till ye hear me all through, Bion. Now you jest listen: I said as how's ye cousin had been a mean jest like's he's been to's'. In the first place he's made ye think yer name was *Huntley*—haint he?"

"My name is Huntley."

"O—It's not that! Do tell me of he's made ye believe it so strong? Do ye really think yer name's Huntley?"

"My name is Bion Huntley."

Why—bless yer sweet lordie soul, no; poor man, he never were christened Huntley, but his name was *Bernard*. I knowed him well. He married you Bion—Bion Bernard. He went away, an' got killed by lightnin' in a storm among the mountains. Do tell me of ye really think yer name is Huntley ?"

The poor boy looked up utterly bewildered. "Couldn't be back? Why—I never! What in nancy's name put that into yer head?"

"My mother told me so."

"Yer mother! Why—ye can't remember her, no way."

"Yes, I can."

Mrs. Grist pondered a few moments, and then spoke:

"Well, well, never mind. I remember now. Yer mother called ye Bion after her father and dead, just be it. His name was Bernard. Yer mother's name was Barbara Bernard, Bion. He's dead, but only the name of the house ye used to live in—don't it?"

"I shall ask Lida. She'll know,"said the boy, in a tone of relief.

"Well, mebbe dear lordie man, ye'll have to ask me if ye want to know anything. Lida and Lizzy's both gone away."

The child started back a pace, and gazed eagerly into the woman's face; but ere he could speak an exclamation—

"They've both gone off, Bion, and they wont never come back, any more. Lida went from clear 'way off over as far and got 'em. They don't want to come back, neither, I tell 'em. Yer cousin Christopher wa'n't yer cousin at all. I know all about it, and mebbe, some day, I'll tell ye. I am goin' to take yer and take care of ye. Obe —we'll have some very fine times, won't we?"

Bion was partly bewildered still. It was all too much for him to comprehend.

"You—and Uncle Christopher come?" he asked.

"Margy makes, boy,—lidn't I tell ye ye hadn't got no cookie Christopher? The man as pretended to be yer cousin wa'n't no sich thing! He's gone off, too. He's gone off over as far."

"But he came with me here last night."

"Yes—and then started off in a great big ship. He won't come back no more,—so ye haven't—ha, ha!"

"No Lida! No Lizzy! No uncle?" whispered the boy, in a hushed, breathless tone.

"But ye've got a good friend in Margery, my sweet boy."

Bion gazed a moment longer into the woman's face, and then he moved to the bed and threw himself upon it. A deep, rending groan burst from his lips, and in a moment more he wept most bitterly. Margery spoke to him but he noticed her not. He cried as he had never cried before, for now he had no one left to love him—no one whom

he knew or cared for. *Like and Lizzy pass!* No heavier calamity could have befallen him!

The woman withdrew from the apartment, and carefully closed the door behind her, leaving the poor orphan to cry by himself.

As hour passed away, and still Ellen lay upon the bed. His tears had become exhausted, and his sobs were low and painful. As he lay thus he heard the door open, and soon he felt a light touch upon his arm. He started up, expecting to see the great, red face of Margery Gambold, but he was disappointed—and most strangely disappointed, too. His sobs ceased, and a tearful sight beamed in his dark eye.

He saw before him a girl of about his own age. She was a beautiful creature, light and fairy-like, with large blue eyes; soft, silky, curly curls hanging over her neck and shoulders; features regular and handsome; with dimples in her cheek and chin. There was a waking smile upon her face, and one little white hand was resting upon his arm.

"Hist," she said, in a tone that sounded like heavenly music in memory of the harsh, grunting tones of Margery, "won't you let me love you? Come—I will love you very well."

The boy's head sunk forward, and his arms were wound about the girl's neck. She was not shrinking in her look and tone that led him to do this. She returned his embrace, and when he began to weep again she wept, too.

At length he raised his head, and gazed into her face once more. He had never seen anything more beautiful, and he held on upon her waist, as though fearful of losing her.

"Do you live here?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Is Margery your mother?"

"No. I haven't got any mother. My mother died over so many years ago. I live with Aunt Margery, and she takes care of me. And she says you are going to live here, too. Is—how glad I am. You won't run away and leave me, will you? I will be very good—and I will study my book, and read; and I will wipe your eyes when you cry."

"What's your name?"

"Cora—Cora Ann. Cora-Dora. And your name is Ellen."

"How Huntley," said the boy.

"Aunt Margery told me it was Hon Bernard."

"I don't think she knows. I am sure it is Huntley."

"But it is Hon?"

"Yes."

"Well—won't you love me, Hon?"

The boy drew his arms around her neck again, and said he would love her as well as he could.

"How long have you been here?" he asked, after another pause.

"I don't know. I think I have always lived here. I don't know anybody else but Aunt Margery and Black Peggy; and sometimes Johnny, that comes to bring milk and bread and meat."

"Is Aunt Margery good?"

The girl cast her eyes quickly about the room, and then replied in a whispering tone:—

"She's pretty good. She's good when she don't drink rum. Sometimes she drinks rum, and then I run that she has to sit down; and then she's bad if she wants to be. But, when she's sober-minded, oo-mostly, "perhaps we can keep hid when she is so—only you must be very good when you are here—and you must be honest—and never tell any fibbey; you begin to learn so very so long, and then open quick, just as though the candle's no at be burned in. You won't mind me telling you then."

"No. I'll do anything you say," cried Hon, gazing earnestly into his companion's face. "Come—sit down here with me, I want to talk with you. I think I love you now, Cora. *Cora*—I think you have got a very pretty name."

"No you have got a pretty name," rejoined the girl, modestly.

"Do you like it?"

"I do, certainly."

"I'm glad of that. But how came you to be here? Is this old woman your real aunt?"

Cora gazed into Hon's face with a troubled expression. But finally she said:—

"I think she is. What is an aunt?"

"Why an aunt is—like I suppose a woman that lives with your mother, and takes care of you. At any rate, anybody can't be a real aunt, because they live with your mother or die and do something with your mother."

"Why!" returned the girl, thoughtfully, "I guess she is my aunt."

"And do you know who bought you liver?"

"Not unless my mother did."

Hon was upon the point of replying, when a heavy step was heard in the passage. They both knew who made that footfall, and without speaking further they awaited the coming of Margery Gambold.

And while she is coming we will tell Cora's story in a very few words:

Many years before—ay six-and-twenty, or thirty was young man came to the city of New York, from the South, and commenced business. At the age of one-and-twenty he took a wife, and lived with her one year. Shortly after the birth of the boy the mother died. The husband, a fond father, who was a warm-hearted, generous man, mourned deeply for the loss of his wife, and held her image in his soul many years. But he had the boy to live for, to watch, and was soul to school. The father continued his business and amassed much wealth. For several years of widowhood the merchant became acquainted with a woman who was both loved and respected, and by whom he was loved and respected in turn. He was yet in the prime of life, and with a strong healthy constitution, he had the promise of many years more on earth. He could not live in his house and enjoyment without a companion for whom he could confide in every hour, and he married again.

At the age of one-and-twenty the son came home from college. He professed much joy at finding so fair a face and a step-mother, but in the heart he cherished feelings the most bitter and dangerous. The marriage would cut off a large part of the portion of his father's wealth, and if a child were born he would be much more.

Ere long after he returned, his step-mother gave birth to a daughter. The son was sore distressed at this double invention, and he set his demon genius up in his mind. And he saw his father worship this new child, too. By and by, the child's father was only six months old, the mother sickened and died. Within a month after the death of the infant, was stolen away, and the bereaved father could not find it. The son was very sly at the time, or was supposed to be away; yet he was suspected by no one, and only reproaching him.

Time passed on, and finally, by his stubborn attention and seeming love, the son managed to remove the suspicion which he knew dwelt in his father's bosom. Yet the merchant could be happy no more. The second child had been loved fondly, and when she died an aching void was left. But though the sunlight of his joy was gone, yet a gentle one bright and pure, shedding a soft glow over his way, was left to comfort him. But, alas! when that, too, was snatched away, and he so terrible a manner, his heart sank in utter night.

And thus the son became once more heir apparent to the large fortune! The infant was not killed. The scheming son could not bear the thought of murder upon his soul, so he had the innocently offending child cared for by one who, he was assured, would never betray it, and went back to block up his pathway to wealth!

That infant received the name of Cora Dare! and in time, when the dimples upon her rosy cheeks had become more prominent, and her head had grown to want companionship, she met another child whose fate had been cast with her own, and she was told that she had a brother in the world, Hon Bernard.

When Aunt Margery entered the room she found the children sitting side by side, each with one arm round the other.

"Ah, me pooty darlins," she cried, "you've found each other out, hain't ye? Now I hope you'll be good lectle children, because if you're lazy to ply play together. But if ye should go for to cry, or make little stuff, you must be separated from one another; 'cause I don't love children what cries much. In course when ye have your meals and bed, or feel sick, I don't mind yer cryin' a lectle—just a lectle. There—now be good children—you, Cora, and you, Hon Bernard."

"I think my name is *Huntley*, ma'am," remonstrated the boy, timidly.

"Ye do?" returned Margery, with a keen, meaning glance.

"Yes, ma'am—I know it is; because my mother's name was Huntley; and my Uncle Christopher's name was Huntley, and my father's name was Bernard, well of hearing Miss Gambold tell her sister, who had just come from school, that my name was Hon Bernard."

"Well—now—I never!" uttered Margery Gruff, with a very strange shaking of the head. "If yer name is Huntley, then I've made a terrible mistake. I was never willin' to call you Hon, and I'll say lectle good darlin' Cora; but if yer name also Bernard, then I'll call you Hon, and Cora shall be her. So ye'll have to stay heard after school, and write a hereuh with long board slips to-night. A very great rush. I'm sorry—I am surtin; but, sarry! I never should darn't if let ye play together?"

"Yes," cried Cora, who, from the first woman well, and hence understood the corrective meaning of her employer's speech; "you must behave so it is, isn't it?"

The poor boy was bewildered. He gazed first upon the sweet face of Cora, and then at the ugly, looking face of the woman.

"Never mind it, Aunt Margery said, with a quick, meaning glance at the girl. "I shall leave you a lectle while and let ye become better acquainter; and perhaps me lectle man may remember his name."

Just as she ceased speaking, the door was pushed further open, and a dumpy, greasy negro woman, past the middle age, with a bundle in her hand, and a tray, well filled with food and warm drink. This was Black Peggy, who, like Cora, had come to the little table, and then both she and her mistress departed, and closed the door after them.

The food was of the plainest kind, and more nice and rare than usual—for a new boarder was to be satisfied. The two children sat down together at the table, and when Hon saw how happy and grateful his companion was, he could not help forgetting much of his sorrow. She had been stubbornly lifted to a companionship for which her heart had long prayed, and her object was to make it secure, to render that companionship as happy as she could.

"Hon," she said, as soon as they had taken their seats at the table, "I guess your name is Huntley, isn't it ?"

"What makes you think so?" he asked, earnestly.

"Why—because Aunt Margery says so. Oh! you must let me call you so, because if you don't she must let us be together. You see, I have no real father and mother were both dead, and that your uncle had gone away, and left you alone, I'll live with her."

"My mother is dead," replied the boy, sadly. "She died before her child went home. But I didn't know that my father was dead. I know my uncle has gone away, and left me alone, and I think because he told me a wrong story about it."

Cora wondered fully what he could have meant when she uttered the words which her passions are at rest. The darkening dim of the war-dance and revenge is again upon his face. He seems to have the sighing of the wind, and the murmur of her brother's voice is chiefly remembered. But sorrow is lessened to with the most interest when the sings she executed.

In such companionship Hon soon became contented. In a few weeks he asked after Lida, and at times he wept because he could not see her. But he was not unhappy, because he had the love of his uncle. By kind, but persistent efforts, Margery managed to keep them from her, and when she brought him there was not his uncle at all; and she at length managed to win the boy's heart. She was chiefly instrumental in making him believe that the woman who had taken care of him, and who died in the garret of the house where he was not his mother, she found

MAN.

BY C. D. STUART.

The glory of Man! like a rush of the breeze
That leaps from the thunder-cloud skyward,
And lifts up the limbs and the bosoms of the trees,
And the eye it raises strong.

Like the wrath of the surge as it trembles on the shore,
Thrashed by the whips of the storm,
To mock, as it declines the rock with a roar,
And threaten and sleep by turns.

The Spirit of a Man! like the dew on the tent,
Which a glance of the sun has converted
Into a drama, or the envoy on the brow of the roof,
To the field of a soldier's dream,
As calm, and as quick, and as sudden to fade,
Which never was felt:
A rhetoric, and the business of woodpeckers now;
But lost ere they dreamt it and knelt.

The strength of a Man! like a feather cast out
To the gale from the wing of a bird,
Or a blue summer-day of the hurricane proof;
A match, on the lightning's back fleet,
Or a cable, to bear in the links of the grasp,
A sigh, in the ear of the gale;
A drop in the ocean to quench and to engulf,
No echo to whisper the tale.

The hope of a Man! 'tis as high as the stars;
As deep as the fathomless space,
As strong as the earthquake that broadcasts its tears,
And swift as the light in its race.
The glory of Man, and the strength shall decay,
But the hope of the spirit is sure,
And fresh, when the sun and the globe fade away,
Will forever and ever endure!

AGATHA RANDALL'S STORY.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

They called me an "old maid." Perhaps it was because I lived entirely by myself, with my faithful dog, in the old homestead, where my parents had spent her brief and happy life, and where I had closed my father's eyes three years before. I was not old. Scarcely twenty-six years had passed over my head, and my hair was as brown, and my step as light as ever. But because, in my brief experience of the great world, I had grown tired of it, and to some lucky people in the only sphere possessed—because I ignored the existence of the town-people, and only mingled with acquaintance with my faithful dog and horse—because I chose to avoid "society" and its ways, and was never pressed to eat my humble crust unspiced by scandal, they marked me down at once as the very quintessence of all that was old and disagreeable.

Randall, that queer old maid," was their usual designation for me. But I never troubled myself about them.

My house—the old Randall place—was a gloomy brick castle, with massive windows, and heavy oaken doors; standing about two miles from the village of Rosemary, on a gentle ascent crowned but little traveled. Behind the house a small river glided quietly along through a wide tract of grove of pines stretched their dark branches over the roof. But, sloping down from the front of the house a grassy slope that led out into the road, lay a beautiful flower-garden, where the most luxurious blossoms bloomed and tempted the eye with sunshine, as if to make amends for the gloom and silence beyond. To go, then, from the road through the lonesome house, and into the grove of pines, on a blue summer afternoon, when the air was still and hot, and nothing could be heard but the dropping of the fir cones, or the sigh of a bird—Harold," my dog, as he chased an imaginary squirrel up and down, was like going from a land of love, and life, and beauty, into the silent tomb.

I loved the place. There was not a room in that old house that had not its history—not a passage where some memory of the past did not linger. Here my mother had rocked me to sleep, each night of my infancy, and sung all the while—there my father had sat beside me and talked of her, and her early death. Just at my side behind the house I had played with my little brother Morton, who was now a wanderer in a foreign land, and in the garden, fair with flowers, I had felt my heart beat, and my pulse bound, at the sound of a voice, and the step of a boy, I should never hear again. The joys of infancy—the pleasures of childhood—the hopes and fears of womanhood—all, all had been tasted here. The father—the mother—the brother, and the lover, were all gone! The draught had been drained to the very dregs, and the fairy chalice in which it had sparkled was shattered—but in the old house something must still remained, and the ghost of a dead hope—the shadowy meaning of a vanished joy, forever started up, as I mused alone among the quiet rooms, or walked up and down the flower-garden.

Was it my wonder, then, that the "old maid" clung to the roof that had sheltered her so long, or shrunk from a world which had only taught her how much of deceit and treachery its chosen people have?

My life was very quiet and simple. An old woman, whose greatest recommendation in my eyes was, that she was deaf as an adder, and therefore did not care to talk, came every morning to "redd up" the house, and have everything in readiness for me during the day. When the best black beauty of the country horses, named after a hill, Harold and I wended our way to the stables together, where "Tom Pepperell," my groom, named for my historical ideal, Napoleon Bonaparte, never failed to greet us with a joyous neigh. We threw them wood galloping over the hills till my repeated cry the hour of night. Returning, I was always sure to find a sumptuous supper awaiting me on the table, while a black bonnet could be dimly discerned, vanishing down the road at a kind of jog trot. At one o'clock my gardener came—a pretty, bashful man, who always received my orders in silence—who never forgot to give Harold a pat or whistle as he passed him, and who brushed and combed "The Emperor" each day, till his black coat shone like satin. With Mrs. Goodwin, the owner of the black bonnet, I had little converse—but James Jarvis pleased and interested me—perhaps because he showed that he could appreciate the dumb animals that made up my world. But when I tried to talk to him, and draw him out, he seemed more reserved than ever. I found that he had a wife and four children, and that he lived in the adjoining village—beyond this his life and belongings were like a sealed book to me. Of Mrs Goodwin's surroundings I was equally ignorant. So, at last, I came to regard myself as a kind of enchanted princess, enclosed in an old castle, and served by forbidden attendants. The dream I dreamed, as I sat in the old oaken parlor day after day? You would only smile at my folly, reader, if I should write them here. Let them rest.

I was not always alone, however. Gay parties of young people, some on horseback, and some in carriages, would often go flashing by, like the pageants the fairy princess always sees when she looks out of her high casement. If they met me galloping along the road on "The Emperor," they would bow and look after me wonderingly, but if I was standing at the gate, with Harold beside me, or walking up and down the garden, they would often stop and beg some flowers. I always swung the great gate back, and let them enter to make their choice, but I said little to them. Many of them were of my own age, but I had no sympathy with them—gaily butterflies of fashion as they were! Not one but had a gracious smile for me, or a kind curse for my dog—but they never turned the way to my heart. I used to laugh in my sleeve when I heard them wondering about the place, and could live there. I knew well how necessary to such insects is the sunshine in which they breathe, and felt amused at the pity—ghosts and silence of my old house would soon reduce them to their dull chrysalis state again.

When they had gathered flowers, and looked sadness at me long enough, they would take their departure, urging me to visit them as they went. Harold always escorted them gravely to their carriages, while I remained at the gate. Then the baroun would spring forward—his silver-plated harnesses would flash and glitter in the warm crowd of eager, smiling faces turned towards me—a vantage that not a jewelled lamb—no cluster of silvery velcon shouting "good-bye, good-bye," and the vision would vanish, and the old silence fall around me.

Do you ask what the "enchanted princess" would do for? She sat still in the door, with her head upon the great Newfoundland's head, and Mann Brown, as she watched the sunlight creep so slowly down, that her life was not like theirs.

My life, however, was not destined always to be so pale and colorless. Some fierce excitement was needed to stir up the dormant nature within me—and before the autumn waned—it came!

As I sprang from my saddle at the roadside gate one morning, Harold came bounding out to speak a thing in his mouth. I took it from him. It was a gentleman's glove, of dark brown kid, delicately and marked inside with the name—"Marmaduke Ashley."

I turned it upon my hand a moment, and then leaving horse' both coming rapidly up the glen, threw it down in the road, and left it there. I was soon in, and busied myself with "The Emperor's" saddle girths. While I was unbuckling them a gentleman rode up, mounted on a spirited white horse, and dismounted. He picked up the glove as I did, and looked up and saw a tall, straight figure, and a grave, handsome face—the next moment the white horse was free and flying down the road, plunged, reared, broke loose from bridle and spur, and flinging his rider in the dust, fled on, and was rushed madly along the hilly road that led to the town.

It was all over in a moment—and I, with that man lying there, so still and pale, felt like his murderess. If I had not thrown down the glove, he would not be here," I thought, as I ran into the house for salts and cold water. He opened his dull steady gaze, but Harold watched beside the stranger, and would not let me touch the head upon my arm. It fell back heavily—I thought its low cloud, and then open his eyes and look up upon his lover. Thank God! I was beating, though faintly and slowly. I laid his face in cold water, and sponged the blood away from a cut upon his forehead. At last he opened his eyes slowly, and looked up in my face.

What a shock it gave me! Through all my repentance for the fault of which I had been guilty—eyes as blue as those—eyes that had grown cold to me—eyes that shrank! It would have been hard-hearted to tell which of us was palest, as I helped him to his feet. I felt myself trembling from head to foot.

"You have been thrown from your horse," I said" as he put his hand to his forehead, and looked around him in a bewildered way. "If you will come with me, I will lead you to the house. You must there, if you will, till you are better."

"You are very kind," he said, as he took the arm I proffered. "I feel too faint and giddy to trust myself to walk alone just now."

I led him into the breakfast room, where Mrs. Goodwin had left tokens of her presence, in the shape of a round of cold, an urn of hot coffee, and some boiled eggs, put down before the fire, while my beautiful cloth and china were on the table by the open window. With my own hands I arranged the meal, and then made my guest be placed him in it, beside the door, where the heat of the breakfast fire could not oppress him. I bolted him—he—himself back the heavy shutters for me, and saw the color coming slowly back to his cheek, as I left him to himself, while I prepared his coffee for two.

"It was a terrible thing!" I heard him say, at last, as he covered his eyes with his hand. "I remember seeing you, then nothing more, till I found myself lying here, and hearing back to look for my glove."

"It is in the road, now, Mr. Ashley," I said, quietly. "Harold, go and find Mr. Ashley's hat, fellow."

The dog went as I pointed out to the glove, and brought it back to me. I gave it to him.

"You knew my name from this, then?" he said, pointing to the letters stamped inside.

"Yes."

"But how do you think I knew yours, since I had no glove to tell me, Miss Randall?"

"Miss Randall!" he spoke my name carelessly, as I put the breakfast things upon the table, and drew two chairs up, opposite to each other.

"Yes—but I have heard it from a mutual friend of ours—from one who used to know you well—from Clifford Grant."

That name! I had not heard or spoken it for so many years! It was a sharp blow to me, for a second while, and staggered back. He sprang towards me with a cry of alarm.

"My God! what have I done! Miss Randall—speak to me! What ails you!"

I called up my pride and courage to my aid, and waved away his proffered help.

"It was nothing," I said, with the best of the room, and the bright I got at seeing you thrown a little while ago. I assure you, quietly. You were speaking of a mutual friend"—I added, keeping my face turned from him.

"Yes—of Oliver Grant. He has often spoken of you to me—and so highly, that I have longed to know you. He was my best friend, in a foreign country for years—perhaps you do not know it."

How should I—to whom that early dream of love and happiness, and its terrible awakening to falsehood and deceit, was a grief too deep for words. He looked at me steadily with those eyes—so like, so like! I could not bear the tone of blood every time I met their beaming glance, for the memories they awakened of other times.

We said little more—I ate him, although I forced myself to hear his name, without a blush or sigh. We talked of a thousand other things, as we sipped our chocolate, and when, at last, he rose to go, I felt sorry to lose him so quickly. I went with him to the door.

"Take my horse," I said, as he went down the walk. "You are not fit for so long a journey yet."

He hesitated. I went straight to the gate, took off the saddle, and wheeled The Emperor around. "Need another word of encouragement to accept upon his back.

"I may come to see you again?" he asked half doubtfully.

"If you choose," and I bent down and kissed Harold on the "beauty spot" that started his forehead.

"Why do you love that dog so well?" asked Mr. Ashley, suddenly.

He had caught the conception of my horse, he is the only thing that has been faithful and true to me yet."

"Is that so? Perhaps one day, you will think some one may be deserv and to be loved yet," he answered, looking straight at me, with his beautiful blue eyes.

I smiled, scornfully.

"Well—good bye, and a thousand thanks for your kindness," he said, gathering up the reins briefly. "I will bring back your horse to-morrow early, and find it saddled for me."

"You—but let no one strike him while he is gone."

"Can you think it?" he said, bending from his saddle. "I would not give him a blow, or see one given, for the world. Give me your hand."

I placed it in his. He held lower, and his lips touched it. Then he rode off, and for a single moment The Emperor was flying down the road like a bird.

CHAPTER II.

He came the next day, and every day, for a week. By degrees I learned to expect him, and to feel annoyed if he did not come at his usual hour. I knew that Harold was watching for him, and was but a step from the good graces of the dog, to those of his master.

Something about him seemed strangely familiar to me. I often sat and gazed at him, trying to remember where I had seen him before, but the fact such a meeting had taken place, I was well convinced.

We sat, one evening—the last evening of the week—in the little parlor, and I was busied with him, for some time, as he sat in the uncertain light of the fire. At last, he became aware of my scrutiny—turned his full face towards me, and said, laughingly—

"Do you know my face please you?"

"It is very familiar," I said, evasively—"but I cannot tell why or where I have seen you before."

"How do you know that I am not your old friend, Agatha Grant?" he said, laughingly.

"Mr. Ashley!"

At the tone in which I spoke, and the hot flush that covered my face, he started to his feet.

"You have it," said I coldly, "but remember in the future, that I am not to be played with. Mr. Ashley, I am sorry that you have come to me, under false pretenses, but I am sure you will see that I could not receive you as a friend, after such deception."

"Did you love him so well, then?" he asked, bitterly, and with a smile on his lips, and speaking in his own voice.

"I will not be questioned by you," I said, haughtily; and then added, after a moment's pause, "But if he should come back, I would! It would be your duty—and both to tell which of us was palest, as I helped him to his feet. I fill myself trembling from head to foot.

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"It was nothing," I said

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

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COMMERCE AND PEACE.

The commercial motive of trade is not of a very elevated character; and, therefore, we are not among those who believe, or even hope, that such a motive may be the destined means of introducing the great epoch of peace. We have no desire to see the day when man will cease to be a trader, because war is expensive and injurious to trade. We look to a higher motive, a nobler feeling than this; and we have no doubt, that even those who engage in the commercial spirit are conscious of this nobler, and are actuated by this higher motive. But even the mercantile argument is, in itself, an accession to that which it seeks to displace; and in the way among inferior minds for those nobler ends which are of high spiritual and moral bearing are ever aiming at. Commercial men, even, are not commercial only: they are also patriots and lovers of their humanity, their piety, and their benevolence.

Commerce is the natural pioneer of peace. It is not the cause nor the source of it, and never can be, and very would it be for humanity if it were. But it is the means of removing the obstacles, of letting men personally and mentally together, with infinite motives, and those affording the best opportunity for forming and perpetuating friendship and brotherhood under the influence of motives of a higher order. The highest motives are above the reach of ordinary minds; but the lower ones may build ships, construct railways, and rein the light wing to serve social communion. Thus practical things are born of the lower motive, but while born, the higher motives come gently and quietly forward and make use of them, as if they were their own. Such is the law of our nature—and the inevitable conditions of human progress.

"DIEM PERDIDI!"

A Roman Emperor, on reviewing the occurrences of a certain day, exclaimed, in the bitterness of feeling "I have lost a day!" A consciousness that he had not performed a single action, or enjoyed a single hours that made up that day, caused the exclamation. That was certainly a sufficient reason for the feeling to which it gave utterance. It would be sufficient reason for genuine holding for less influential causes than an Emperor. Every day we almost to add, "and therefore less responsible." But we do not have that the responsibility for the last, which attaches to us all, can be lessened or increased, strictly speaking, by our position. Personality, in a primary sense, it cannot be—for we have each our duties to perform. These each day brings with it. They are our individual duties. Nobody else can perform them for us. We need not specify what these duties are. It is enough to say that they may be summed up in the very coverers of the well-confidence of the Emperor—"I have so lost this day! I am conscious of having used my precious minutes in deeds of usefulness; and I have reason to believe that I am to be the better for my having lived twenty-four hours longer?"

We have to be the true ruler of our time. It is time to the best possible advantage, so as to perform each one of the duties of his every-day mission, his own sphere, to the best of his abilities and opportunities. If all would study and practice this rule, there would be no need of a standing army. We have lost a day?" And a solemn consideration that is, when we come to reflect upon the responsibility. Truly said the proverb "time and tide wait for no man." And, since every day brings its own work, there is no way in which our "lost days" can be reclaimed!

Let us see to it, then, that the records of Eternity shall not roll up against us such an account of losses of time, and shall not have to enroll, most fearfully, the import of "*Diem perdidi!*"

THE FLOWERY MONTH.

Never looked the country more lovely than in the flowery month just past. June breathed her sweetest influences on the fields and woods and fields and blossom, and wherever man was not under their genial influences, there was bloom and color, and, to all appreciative beholders, an exquisite joy. The strawberries ripe and luscious on the vines, the cherries, in white and glowing blossom, grapes putting forth their clusters, and on every hand the rich life of bounteous nature overflowing from the bosom of mother earth, around whose cradle, couch, and grave, her care ever cease to sing her winds to sigh. And, O, the smell of the innumerous host of the fairy flora of the brimming milk-pails; the change in mother's breast, and the watery voices of children—our human crickets—chirping "mem fill dwy swy!" Such are the tokens of nature in June—tokens visible out in the country, but metaphorically and indescribably seen in the emotional language of the soul.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. Many party pretends himself to act as agent for our paper, and he may succeed in getting a few names, but we are not in the habit of employing agents, and hereby notify all not to whom such a case, then you can send us two dollars, and we will send it to you.

LANDCRAZY.

With some of our society dickers, landcrazy is the cause of many of the evils that afflict the human race, while its abolition is to be the beneficent of humanity wherever it is known to exist. But the creature of it where it does not exist. It cannot be disputed that lands have been in possession of the earth unequally parcelled out, and unjustly withheld from the masses of the people, but the impossibility of obtaining earth to till, has never necessarily kept a people in bondage or pauperism. Landcrazy, upon such, would drive land out honestly and usefully cultivate, is a bad thing, and exists too largely; but if the whole earth were divided into ten or twenty acre lots, all equally fertile, unimproved, human misery would not cease, nor would the world be rid of idlers and grumblers.

A certain proportion of mankind will not earn their living by the practice of industry and its relative virtues. They prefer the precarious subsistence afforded by the exercise of low wits or the gifts from charity. They scorn self-reliance. It is their disposition and creed to trust Providence altogether, and the result is a ready resource of pretenders, in the form of a plenty of sympathy all around us. The earth is broad before them—millions of acres of unoccupied and unimproved land, which somebody must dig and harvest before it can be united, towns there, but they will have nothing to do with it. They are landless, and mean to be so, until they can get, money and labor to build cottages and farm their acres.

How many of the landless of this city, do our leading minds point out to, as objects for the real public hands, on condition of earning their living by industry? Not one in ten of speakers and reformers" in our cities—being chiefly mechanics and artizans—would accept the public lands on such a condition. It is a fine "stump" topic to abuse and cry over, and to justify indolence and unthrift in other people. In a country like ours, those who are born with a disposition to fill land, will find it, by hook or by crook. It is not difficult to get land as it is to get it tilled. People cry after it, who would cry louder if not to grab their broad acres, than if to be allowed to work or charge all the evils of the working classes to, and to be looking for politicians to do it. They would be a bad horse to hold a plough behind. A pity compounded of improved disposition for industry, idleness, sympathy, and grumbling, is a curious mixture, which, generally, soon purge away whatever the latter may contain of sense and worth, and is more than the abolition of all the landcrazies will ever do.

THE GOOD OF IT.

What's the good, say some, of all this music, painting and sculpture, poetry, at home or imported from abroad? What does it signify, beyond filling the heads of the people with humbug and extravagant ideas, unfitting them for the more earnest practical business of every-day life? Such is the argument of many who hold the refining processes of society in supreme contempt. We answer that, whatever be the good, by domestication that wherever the finer arts, graces and muses have been welcomed and polish, the condition has been savage or barbarous. The more the human mind comes to appreciate the beautiful and the ideal, the less it delights in the gross, the low, and the deformed. It takes him and spirit from its surroundings, and makes it impossible for people to they teach the lesson of truth—which alone is great and final—the less men follow wicked and debasing ideas, and the less they war and wrangle like brutes.

That is the truest civilizer which most subdues the baser passions of man; which most exalts his soul with higher thoughts and fits him more for superior aspirations. The savage, gazing upon the canvas of Rubens, or upon the Phidian group, existing in marble majesty, or listening to the "Grand Chorus" himself could feel that man was more than the fighting capacity, and a mission higher than to scourge the earth with slaughter and ruin. Let us have more of the spirit of the Italian masters, and the lion be entranced with Lydian or Dorian airs, shall man not be still more subdued by the language which embodies our brightest visions of the beautiful? Not a tender or thrilling line of music vibrates upon the ear without leaving a blessing, and no beautiful thing can exist in art without enriching and elevating the soul. Sculpture, painting, sculpture and poetry, is vast, and to these much of the glory of civilization belongs.

INDUSTRY.

Industry, guided by reasonable intelligence and economy, ever has and ever will be the key to many an unfailing source of temporal prosperity. Especially may it be said that the wealth of the industry, in the various pursuits answering to their common wants and necessities, and for which they be the conquest, and richer the trophy won by honest, unprevailing industry thus unswerved reaped the reward. It is a wonder of the world, and a disorder. Inspired by prize, it is the percipator of power, harmony, and the true spirit of living the individual, and leading strength and greatness to the State. In all ages, the crown of nations has been to the world, and to the world, and to the world, and

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WRITTEN IN SORROW.

BY ALICE CARY.

Unconfessing my mute to-night
Seems down upon her eyes,
While one-comer kindles to a flame
Its everliving fire.

Well, to a have, and learn and burn,
To this unwavering glow
That melts the dews of sin, and leaves
The lustre of good below.

For if my soul have not the gift
Of endless life in vain,
Pentigrave is strength through suffering,
And weary not this pain.

And when my record of misery
Is grieved in more away,
And wrinkles hide the watery fount
Into the leaves of Mary;

The wrinkled star that keeps in heaven
Its golden middle bright,
An inmost virgin is its glow,
Shall fill me with delight.

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1887, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DECLINE.

"Child! ought I have
In solitude less hidden—in some glade
Obscurer, where highest woods impenetrable
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
And dark as evening. Cover me, ye pines,
Ye cedars with interwoven arms!
Hide me where thy may never find me more."

We left Estella and her attendant on the lonely beach below the Headland, with the night coming on.

They looked about themselves.

At their feet the baggage, with no one near to take it away. Above their heads arose the steep cedar-grown bank, with no visible path up its access.

Westward rolled the infinite sea, now fast darkening under the evening sky.

Eastward stretched the impenetrable forest, falling into deeper gloom under the hovering shadows of night.

From the somber and solitary scene they turned to look into each other's faces.

"Blessed saints, my lady! what a savage coast! does any living thing inhabit it?—if, do you think?" asked Susan, with a shudder.

"Why, certainly, you silly, my girl!"

"Beg your pardon, dear lady, but indeed no, I don't know it! I'm afraid the savages have put up ashore at the wrong place; and I, for my part, feel as if we were cast upon some desert island."

"But did you not see the house from the ship?"

"Yes, my lady; but now I think of it, that makes the matter more doubtful. For it must have been a bewitched house, and we must to on enchanted ground, else what's become of it? I don't see so much as a chimney to it!"

"Because we are below the line of vision, being too close under the bank. The house is up on the Headland, back among the trees."

"Then how shall I break a path for you, dear lady? for you can never get through these briers!"

"There is a path broken, and well worn, of course. And there is an aged couple of servants somewhere near here, who, Miss Blandin informed me, had the keys, and would show us up to the house, and open it for us. The path to their cabin starts from the landing, at the left. Let look for it, Susan."

"Holy saints, my lady, the sky is growing so dark that I could not see a conflagration!" said the girl, peering closely to the ground. "And the grass is so thickly strewn with fallen leaves that——"

"Sarvint, Miss'es!" uttered a gentle, growling sort of voice from the bushes near her.

"Ah-h-h!" pulled the startled Susan Forest Prudence, what is that! We shall be murdered by this savage!" and frantic with terror, she ran towards her mistress.

Estella laid her hand soothingly upon the girl's shoulder, and turned to see what was the cause of alarm might be.

It was the gentle-hearted old negro, Neptune, who now emerged from the bushes, and came into full view. And if the terrible sea-monster had risen from the waters, sceptre in hand, he could not have stricken greater terror to the heart of the simple Indian maiden. And, indeed, the mistress also gazed upon the apparition in some doubt, as well she might, for the good old man was rather an awful looking object.

His form was tall, gaunt, and bent beneath the weight of an hundred winters. His face was black, hard, shining, and seamed with wrinkles as a dried prune, and framed around with enormous white and beard in spectral contrast to its blackness. A suit of dingy, seeming almost as old as himself, was worn as himself, and a tattered blanket, pinned with a thorn around his neck, completed the strange, god folds about his figure; a black terpaulin hat, with a red handkerchief passed over the crown and round under his chin; and instead of a walking leather, completed his strange and p furesque attire.

In his hand he carried a rugged, ash we club, upon which he leaned in walking.

On approaching the strangers, he pulled the hat and handkerchief from his head, and holding them, came on, bowing and bowing, as if he were a dancing bather, completed his strange and p furesque action.

Estella, "Susan," once more said the old man, bowing very humbly, and then standing hat in hand before the lady.

"Good evening. You are Miss Brande's servant?"

"Yes, Miss'es."

"She has let me her house. She referred me to you for the keys. We have just arrived to take possession. Will you, therefore, be so good as to get the keys and show us the way ashore," said the lady.

Now, this event was so unexpected, that it took some time to make its way into the slow and unprepared brain of the old negro. He found nothing to say or do, but only stood bowing and bowing. Lady Montrevor repeated her directions.

But the old man, "still he'stds," only answered by another deep obeisance, and the pointless words—

"Yes, Miss'es—deed it are?"

Lady Montrevor glanced hopelessly around towards Susan, who stood peeping over her Mistress's shoulder, and whose fears had disappeared before the gentle, depreciating manners of the black.

"Way, what an old jelly brain!" she exclaimed, impatiently, coming forward and confronting the old man.

"You, honey, jes' so," replied the latter, bowing to her, and in no degree disturbed by the rudeness of her words.

"Chut! can't you understand, you antique idiot, that my mistress has rented the house from Miss Brande, and that she wants to get into it?" asked Susan, angrily.

"Only so, honey. Where's Miss Barbara spected home?" asked the old creature, mildly.

Susan lost the last remnant of her patience.

"Look you, ancient simpleton, we are tired of standing here! Where are the keys?" she persistently demanded.

The curtsies of her tone brought the old man at last to a point.

"There alist but one key—de front door key; I carries it about with me. 'Cindy so, Miss'es—here it are," he said, producing a huge, old-fashioned iron key, that might have sufficed for a prison lock.

"Well, now, go on before us, and open the door," commanded Susan.

"Yes, Miss'es; surely so, chile." was the meek reply, as the old one, advancing his stick, groped along and struck into the narrow hidden path, leading up the ascent of the Headland.

"But, stop! will the baggage be safe here?" inquired Susan.

"Clearly so, honey. Dere's nothin' to 'stark it," said Uncle Neptune.

"Dear lady, please take hold of my arm; the path is very steep, and slippery with the fallen leaves," said the maid.

It was now quite dark.

Lady Montrevor availed herself of the proffered assistance and in a few minutes they reached the

THE APPARITION OF OLD NEPTUNE.

top of the Headland, and stood upon a level with the ancient tree and the old house, half hidden among them, and dimly perceived through the darkness. Uncle Neptune going before, went up the steps and unlocked the door.

"Take care, my lady, for the love of mercy! there is not a plank fast on these rickety stairs," said Susan, anxiously guiding her delicate lady's steps up into the dilapidated portico.

Old Neptune was within side the door, hammering a something that he held in his hand, and with which he presently struck a light, by means of which they saw the whole length of the old-fashioned hall; and beside the front door a tiny cupboard, from which the old man had produced a tinder-box and a candle.

"Da way, Miss'es. 'Cindy so! Dis is de hes' parlor," he said, opening the door on the right, and admitting them into a large, scantily-furnished room.

The single tallow candle made the darkness here so terribly "visible," that the old man, after standing it upon the solitary table, and dragging forward two rush-bottom chairs for the strangers, hurried out to the little cupboard, and brought there or four more candles, which he lighted, and set in a row on the mantel-piece.

With this extra illumination, Susan looked critically around upon "the best parlor." The vast dreary room had one great merit—immaculate cleanliness. The bare walls were white, the bare floor was neat. One tall table stood between the two front windows, and upon it sat the model of a frigate, under full sail. Over each window hung, at equal distances around the room were ranged a half-dozen old-fashion chairs in all. The fire-place was filled with fresh cedar boughs; on the mantel-piece were several rare sea-shells, an empty ostrich egg, and a bottle, a fragment of the old "Constitution," sprays of coral, lumps of amber, and other articles collected by Captain Brande during his numerous voyages. That was all.

Though this was but the tenth of October, the night was very chilly, and the large room really cold.

"Would you like a fire, Miss'es?" asked Uncle Neptune.

"Yes! certainly, yes! What are you thinking of? Ugh! I believe we had as well gone to Lapland," exclaimed Susan.

The old man took the man of evergreens from the chimney, carried them out, and soon returned with an armful of wood, with which he proceeded to light a fire. As the cheerful blaze crackled and rose up the chimney, diffusing light and warmth throughout the room, Susan rubbed her hands, complimented her mistress, and set a chair near the fire for her accommodation.

"Now then, old father! you are a nice old man, on a most comfortable errand! Go and get your baggage to the house!" inquired the girl.

"Hem—um—ah, chile. Me and my 'oman and Sam kin fetch it."

"Sam?"

"Likely so, honey—Island Sam, as is on a visit to us."

"Some acquaintance of yours, I suppose. Very well, my good old father! go and attend to it, and you shall be well paid for your trouble."

"Zactly so, honey," replied the poor old fellow, bowing himself out.

When the door closed behind him, Susan took off her bonnet and shawl, put them on a chair and approached her mistress, who, during these few minutes, had been sitting before the fire, in a mood of deep abstraction.

"Come, Madam, permit me to relieve you of these," she said, gently and respectfully, as she untied the ribbons and removed her lady's bonnet and unbuttoned and took off her mantle.

Lady Montrevor suffered the attention, and then drew a deep inspiration.

"Don't sigh, dear lady!" said Susan, mistaking the cause of her mistress's pensiveness—"the old hero is, after all, not so bad. Means will make a very comfortable, and even now it is perfectly clean!"

"All down, and cause to trouble yourself, child. The house does very well," said Lady Montrevor.

Susan obeyed, and was very still for about fifteen minutes, at the end of which the footsteps of the men bearing the baggage were heard approaching.

She hurried out to meet them. The trunks were brought in, and placed for the present in the hall, and the men went back to bring the hampers.

But the old woman who had accompanied them, came into the parlor to offer her services to the lady. Going up to her, she stood and curtsied, with the customary——

"Sarvint, Miss'es."

Lady Montrevor lifted her languid eyes to look at this new-comer.

She was a little, old, dried up, jet black negro, looking as though she had grown hard and strong with age. She was dressed in a bright plaid linsey petticoat, with a blue cotton short gown, and a check handkerchief tied over her head.

"Sarvint, Miss'es," she repeated; "I kin I be of any service to?"

"Are you, my good woman?" asked Lady Montrevor, gently.

"My name's Aunt Amphy, honey, 'deed it is, child—Aunt Amphy. I's bo-kown to all the country roun', for a 'speciable, 'speciable, age-able, old 'oman, as knows how to 'tend herself proper'—and as any lady may put confidence in. 'Deed I is, child."

"I do not doubt it," said Lady Montrevor, contemplating this virtual with a good deal of entertainment—"and your name was——"

"Aunt Amphy, child! 'deed it is! least ways dat's what they do call me, although de name give me by my sponsors in Babilem were Amphyra Ann Sparks, daughter of de Ocean."

"Yes! well, can I do anything for you, Amphyra?"

"Lor bless you, no, child! no honey! not a single thing! I's independent, thanks to to my 'spectable 'ceased husband, as left me all his 'sessions to you, child, in showing of you de house 'frigate, under full sail—for which I pays no rent! It jes as it stands—and if I could make de beds, or get supper ready for you or anything——"

"Thank you, you are very kind. I accept your services and will reward them; there is my maid, Susan Forest, and useful her. Susan, come hither, my girl."

Susan came forward.

"Here is this good woman, Amphy, who will help you to get supper and make the beds. Now you understand you may need."

"Yes, child—'deed will I," put in the woman.

"Then go with her, Susan, and see about it where the kitchen is, first of all," said Susan.

"Yes, my lady. What do you say to dir for a 'speciable kitchen?" exclaimed the old woman in triumph.

"Where are the cooking utensils?" asked Susan, eluding the other's question.

"Dey is dere, honey."

"The tea-kettle, and saucepan and toasting-fork, and the gridiron?"

"Yes, child! surely! Dey's in de bottom o' de cupboard."

"Come, then. If you will show me where to get some wood and water, I will have the fire made and the kettle on by the time the hampers arrive."

"I'll go get de wood and water, child—you jes' stay and wait to unpack de hampers."

"Very well; thank you; go."

The fire was soon kindled; the hampers were brought in and unpacked; and Susan's dexterous and willing fingers quickly prepared a light repast of cold chicken, tea, and two poached eggs, which she neatly arranged upon a waiter and carried in and set before her mistress.

"Now do, sweet lady, try to eat something," she said affectionately—"those eggs look like snow-balls, and the chicken is roasted to a turn, and this tea—better never came from Canton!—by now while I go and see what prospect there is for comfortable sleeping."

And leaving the salt-browned lady, she called Amphy from the hall, and directed her to show the way to the best chamber.

The old woman meekly opened the door connecting the parlor in which they stood with the hall, and said—

"Dar! Dat Miss Barbara's own sleepin' room, and its de hes' in de house."

It was as bare and as clean as the other apartments. An open fireplace, filled with fragrant cedar boughs, and flanked on either side by a linen and chicken press; a four-posted bedstead with a comfortable bed, well made up and covered with a white counterpane a tall dame-legged toilet table laid with a cotton white cloth, and furnished with a small looking-glass; a pine washstand, with a plain dull-brass bath and ewer, and two white chairs completed the appointments for comfort.

"This is all very clean and neat to say the least and most of it," remarked Susan, looking around.

"But—has the room, and especially the bed, been aired lately?"

"De Lor, child! It bin aired *all de time!* De room—de whole house is jist to keep de air an' de dirt house," said Amphy.

"I believe you! But it is necessary to make up a fire and take the bed to pieces to change the sheets, for they may be damp."

"Damp! bo-dies! De Lord, honey! *do as de* house is, dere ain't not the least bit o' damp, or mould, or nuthin', anywhere about it. It are so high up here, dat sterpitism is rain, every single bit de water run right off'n it! an' it so dry—so bile hardly git a bit o' vegetables to grow here. Dat's de 'scuse, honey."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it is not so; but at all events it is cold. So you take that plate out of the fender before a fire, while I take the clothes off the bed. Where is the linen closet?"

"In de room," replied Amphy, pointing out the right hand press, and then following Susan to the bed, began to scatter them from the counterpane.

In a short time the chamber was made comfortable. Susan closed it up, and, accompanied by Amphy, left the room.

"Now, child, dere's another bed-room correspondent to dis, as opens out'n de kitchen on de other side o' de hall, you know, as used to be de Captain's room, there you will find de bed made, and you would suit you. It's clean as a penny, too, only full o' cedar boughs."

"Thank you, Mother Amphy, I shall do very well," said Susan, as they entered the parlor.

Susan passed immediately to the side of Lady Montrevor, whom she found with her elbow resting on the edge of the table, her head leaning on her hand, and her face in the deep shadow of her drooping ringlets. She was sunk in profound meditation, and the little refection stood almost untouched beside her.

She started a deep sigh.

"This is the way! always the way! I may prepare her the easiest, little repast in the world, and she scarcely ever eats; I may make up the softest bed, and she hardly ever sleeps! and I—I wear out my life in unavailing toil—watching her, to no purpose! I don't know what she lives on, I am sure, unless it be grief and obstinacy, and she is dreadfully obstinate! If ever again I tack my fortunes on to those of a runaway lady—ung!——but the Lord bless her! and the Lord forsake me if ever I forsake her," thought Susan, as she silently removed the dishes, and bedecked the table to allure her from the room.

"Come into the kitchen and take a cup of tea with me, Mother Amphy. My heart is heavy, and I want somebody to talk to," said Susan, when she had closed the parlor door behind her.

"Thankee, honey, will sit de pleasure in life, once you's 'sociating. I should 'joy a mile good cup o' tea; and I warrant de Madam keeps de worry hard," said the old woman, as she followed Susan into the kitchen.

When they had drawn out the table, arranged it, and seated themselves, Amphy said—

"De hem! alist the purty dough?"

"Eh?"

"De child in dere—de Madam I mean—*another* purty dough, as what's de matter wid her, honey? she seems to be in a heap o' trouble! Is de child a 'lation?"

"Hem-m! Yes, she's a widow!" *[Accidental]*—there's another consequence of following a runaway lady. I shall have to take my soul with [illegible], or, what is as bad, distorting the truth," thought Susan.)

"A widder! *poor thing!* she take it wonderful hard! How long she bin a widder, honey?"

"Some months."

"His a wonderful good tea! Some much'l and she alist begin to git over it yet? And I 'spose dat what she come down to this lonesome place for?"

"Yes."

"De Lors! Well 'tis 'stonishin' how dey do take on sat fine—dese young widders! but tern! it don't last long, 'specially when dey's young and handsome as she—and she's wonderful handsome! It minds me of a party young widder as I knowed I her husband done die of de fever. Lors! Lors! Lors! how she did take on at first, to be sure! Nobody couldn't hold her! nobody dared come nigh her! Byme-by she take an boy a lonesome country place, 'way off in a sandy park, by itself."

"And she go dere to live from de west? Sure to see any company? Sure to see her own dere friends, 'specially as de live long day in watchin' up and down de lonesst avenue, a thinkin' on her husband in his grave, Byme-by, towards de fall, dere come back from parties parts, a young Captin Lovel, who was a sort o' 'quaintance o' hern; and he wais and begin de privilege o' jes shookin' gone in her woods, an' he won't come nigh de house nor 'tend to anybody. And she go see him here; 'cause she was too sorrowful to care 'bout it, one way or t'other; for he kept reasnin' through de woods, wid gun and dog, day arter day. At last he happen to need she in her solemncholy walks. First 'twas only a bow one side, and a sigh t'other, as dey passed each other. Next 'twas a bow one side, and a melancholium sort—sigh. Next it was—'Good morning, Madam,' and 'How do you do, sir?'

"After a bit it growed 'A fine day, Madam'—'What sport have you had, sir?' 'Good, though somewhere fatiguin', Madam.' 'Won't you walk in, an' rest, sir?' And so de handsome Captin grada'ly got to visitin' de house; till byme-by, de fully collected, 'plete passion of dey wa'n't restrain'd! True for you, honey! I sain a tellin' of you a bit o' de 'bound o'pain' done in de church yard with her dead husband she went into do'wards alsar wid a live one;—and 'bout de 'ten' suicide she went and 'nitted matrimony! Dere's one! Ah! dat young Captin was a dear one! *He* know'd pretty well how to settle! and so dis I knowes dere warn't. Dey gits over it! And so will de child in dere. You mind if some handsome young Captin don't come before long to look after her and 'tend to her affairs! and so she into the world agin to hunt some young Captin up. Dat's all! Dat's dere way, honey!"

"Your theory does not apply to my mistress, though, Mother Amphy. She is not an ordinary woman, nor are her sentiments ones," said Susan, carried past the bounds of prudence by her indignation at the idea of her mistress's second and most unhappy lady being compared to any other widow!

"De Lors! child! has she seen any heavier trouble dan do love of husband?"

"She lost husband, mother, father, and many relatives and friends at one fell blow! She is in deep mourning for them all!"

"De Vine Master in Heaben, honey! what dat 'stonishin'! Dat 'scalation! And woman rolling up her eyen in horror.

"I am telling you the truth."

"Is it a shipwreck?" asked Amphy, her thoughts recurring to the Mercury.

"It was a fire, and a most terrible one."

"A fire—Massa—Mr! Where did it happen of, honey?"

"In a land beyond the seas! Now you must hasten to get the tea ready," said Susan, evasively. So drink your tea, that is a good soul, and let me drink mine."

"Yes, honey," in wonderful good tea indeed, 'specially with white sugar in it. I've very few de chance to git it, honey."

"After all," thought Susan, "I might as well have given her the whole story. Lady's deep mourning, and sorrow-stricken countenance, as to have her always wondering about it, and perhaps asking of me."

She then changed the conversation and inquired about the neighbors, which she discovered to be "mine-quantity" in that district; and then about the Island generally, which she found to be well mined, country mansion, and which ought, of course, to be on duty at the Headland House, and which was kept in order and light, by a lady in all in white, who wandered about the house and grounds at night, wringing her hands over her hands."

The Lord forbid that I should believe in ghosts; but still I'd rather not hear! heard that story; but I'll suppose to go through the upper rooms in the dark, or look out of any of the windows, it will scarcely be in human nature not to see a pair of nose-scrapers, or the ghost of a white maple or beech tree, for the ghost of the lady in white," said Susan.

"Ah, child! it' dat's de worst you see."

"But who was she when she was alive?"

"Ah, honey, she lib many and many a year ago! Her name Miss Blanche Brande. She was crossed in love, she, child, and she went into de sea and died, and has been walking here ever since."

"Ah! I remember now! I have read it, child. I shall be afraid of Miss Blanche," said Susan.

"Ah, child! midnight, honey! only jes wait till midnight."

As it was now very late the old woman arose to take leave.

"Don't 'scend enough in for your marnin' fire, honey; and dere is de key of de door. I shall be up in de marnin', and fetch yer smoked pail of fresh milk and de eggs," she said.

"Thank you, yes; if you and your old man can engage to bring the water and cut the wood, and keep the little household in order, we may see our-selves are needed, my mistress is liberal, and will pay you well."

"I 'wasn't thinkin' nobbin' 'bout no pay, honey. Massa gives us yes plenn 'fore he sail, and de 'vest 'perty in de house. I'm sain Amphy, prepairing to depart, by tying her check handkerchief tighter under her chin, and taking up her stick for walking-stick.

"Good night, child. I'd a 'bop little it be yes nor me stayin' in dis lonesome ole house all night. Mornin' yes, honey."

And with this benediction, the namesake of the ocean goddess departed.

Susan was more than ordinarily superstitious—that is to say—in broad day-light, or in a room with a cheerful fire, and a lamp on the table. She sat at her ease in front of a dark night, alone in a room with a dilapidated exterior, known reputed to be haunted, she felt at least uncomfortable.

She quickly set the kitchen in order, and went into the parlor to look after her mistress.

She found Lady Montrevor in the very same attitude in which she had left her hours before, and with her elbow resting upon the table, her head leaning upon her hand, and her dark ringlets overshadowing her face. She seemed as in a swoon—she had not once moved. The fire had burned so low that it had nothing remaining but a few embers.

"Dear lady, it is after ten o'clock—will you retire?"

"Yes," with a deep sigh, answered Lady Montrevor.

"Your chamber is well aired and warmed—shall I show you into it now?"

"Yes," with another weary sigh, replied the lady, rising.

Susan opened the communicating door and observed her mistress into the bed-room.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

There was a cheerful fire burning on the broad fire-place and diffusing a ruddy glow throughout the large room.

"I hope you find everything here as comfortable as circumstances will admit of, my lady?"

"Yes"—in the same exhausted manner answered the mourner—then, in the thoughtfulness of her downcast servant, she added—"I thank you, Susan!"

The maid hurried away into the hall, and returned with the large tempting tray in which she had packed her mistress's night-dress and toilet articles. These she quickly spread out and laid out. Then she assisted her lady to undress, and when she was quite ready for bed, prepared to usual to leave her alone for her evening devotions, which were the very last acts of Lady Montrevor, before flying to her knights for rest.

"Do you think you will sleep well to-night, my lady?" inquired Susan, affectionately.

"As well as usual, my girl," answered Lady Montrevor, wearily.

"Good night, then, my lady; may the angels guard you."

"Good night——but stay; are your sleeping accommodations comfortable?"

"Yes, I think your ladyship; I have the room directly opposite to yours, across the hall; if you should be attacked, or need anything in the night, dear lady, please knock me up—I shall be sure to hear you."

"Thank you, my child, I will, if there should be any need. Now go to your rest. Good night!"

"Good night, dear Madam—and may the Lord be with you," said Susan, as she retired and closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GRAVE-YARD GHOST.

"Strengthening the wonder that it was not dreamed there."
"Until slender hairs became cords, and smallest pulses throbbed."
"Each sound fell worse than silence."
"And a great fear lay locked among, unlocked for."

Susan crossed the hall and entered her own chamber, which was very much smaller and plainer than the other rooms. There was a wide fire-place filled with evergreens and dried flowers, as it was in the others. And there was a soft pine bedstead with a neat white quilt over it, and with a comfortable blue and white check counterpane; and there was an arm-chair and a table upon which stood a candlestick, a teapot, a tea-caddy, some Doulton's Navigation, and other sailors' belongings. On the mantle-piece were many curiosities, such as a mummy's hand, a New Zealander's skull, a Chinese woman's stocken foot, and other such enlivening articles of virtu collected by the late Captain Brandt in his various voyages.

"Light enough to fall from such blood, even without the ghost of the white-robed lady! Well! it's a comfort at last that one can say two words to, or to others, and Susan, looking around upon the veiled room.

"And as I hope to be saved," she added, as she continued the room—"there are no shutters outside the windows, and no curtains within, and so if the ghost of Blanche chooses to look-in through the panes I shall have to look out and see her, to avoid seeing her! Well! praise be to Heaven there remains prayer at last, and no one can be very much afraid who prays very hard!"

And with this consoling conclusion, Susan concluded her task of fastening the doors and bolts, and sweet, hardly unlearned herself, said her prayers, put out the candle, and jumped into bed.

But she could not sleep. Reason with herself as she might, the utter isolation of the house, the emptiness of all the chambers, the profound solitude of her own room; the vague dread of runaway escape, of whose occurrence in the case of she had sometimes read with horror; the story of the white-robed lady, whose ghost was said to walk day through the house and grounds—thoughts like that so unusual, so foreign to what would have been her untried nerves, now at midnight when she was alone, filled her heart with superstitious terror, which she could neither explain nor control.

On the right hand of her bed was a large window, unscreened by either curtain or blind, and so often as to her restless tossing about, she turned to that side, the whole outer scene in that direction was visible to her.

And such a scene! a table land, with here and there a thickly sprinkled grave, and beyond that on the midst an old family grave-yard, with ghostly tomb-stones gleaming thinly when the moon shone at her right. The sea was not visible, but the monotonous and mournful murmur was all that it was audible, and formed a strangely appropriate accompaniment to the gloomy aspect.

At each turning, and with each pause out upon the wild, dark landscape, Susan grew more nervous, more excited and more hopelessly wakeful.

And presently, a little after midnight, the wind arose with a high and a moan, that sounded like the voice of some demon of that grave-yard, waking from his confinings, to walk the earth at night.

Susan covered her head and tried to sleep. Then half suffocating, she uncovered it, and looked out. There were the ghostly tombstones gleaming dimly under the clouded sky.

"Oh! my goodness alive! I shall go crazy if I stay here!" cried Susan, rising up into a sitting posture and throwing the bed-clothes off her. She peered curiously towards the window and looked out. This position gave her a much more extensive view than she had before possessed.

But after the first glance, Susan fell back with a half-suppressed scream, and buried her face in the bed-clothes.

She had seen the form of a white-robed, graceful female figure moving to and fro and deprived her among the tombstones!

Her eyes were blinded by the blankets pressed around them, yet she could not shut out the vision of that white-robed, beautiful form with its flowing black hair and draped head.

Susan's first impulse was to fly to her lady's room and warn her; but a second and deeper fear of the use of her limbs, and so she lay shuddering and helpless. Presently she remembered the Almighty Protector, and fell to praying.

Now, it is certain that the sincere prayer of a simple, faithful soul, is the antidote for all fear; and in praying, the wild throbs of the girl's heart subsided.

And with returning calmness came the power of motion, and the first impulse of seeking her lady's presence and protection; but then arose the genuine delicacy of her disinterested heart. And forming a resolution of self-control and self-reliance, Susan recommended herself to the care of Heaven, and resolved once more to creep to the side of the bed and look towards the window. The spectral form had disappeared, and with a sigh of relief, Susan sank back upon her pillow. The reaction of so great a nervous excitement produced its natural effects, and Susan sank into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

The broad light of morning falling full upon her face awoke her. She started on seeing herself in a strange bed and room, and for some moments could not recollect how she came there; but when memory returned, she arose at once, feeling how heavily and how long she must have slept, and how late it must be.

She hurried on her clothes and went softly across the hall to the room of her mistress, whom she found approved for sleeping.

Then she returned and entered the kitchen. No sooner had her footfall sounded on the plank floor than a knock at the back door arrested her attention. She went and opened it, to find old Ampby there with a pail of fresh milk.

"Be Lor', child! how late you—drat' does get up, my patience alive! Here I've been t'row dose in de door, and dis time I 'se gwin wyse'f down to visit —no! it's all day! But I do spose how you was tired."

"Yes, very tired! come in."

The old creature moved and proceeded to fill the kettle, while Susan lighted the fire.

"How you sleep last night. You didn't see nuffin, did you?"

"Hush—I'll tell you after ahh. I don't believe I really saw anything, but I believe I *fancied* I saw that white-vestured female figure gliding among the tombstones!" said Susan, with a correspective shudder.

"Oh, she! Sure as ever you lib in dis world' you she!" exclaimed the old woman in a voice of deep horror.

"Nonsense! it was imagination, optical illusion, no doubt," replied Susan, whose superstitions never had disagreed with the doctrine of logic, and whose right reason had returned with daylight.

"Don't matter what you call it, child,—whether imagination, optical illusion or what you like, it's one and de same thing, and I rudder see a live lion or a robber, nor one o' dese. Has you any browned-off?"

"No; I will get you to brown some," said Susan, going to the cupboard and taking out a packet, which she handed to her assistant.

Then having lighted the fire, and put on her kettle, Susan once more visited the room of her mistress when she now found awake.

"How I declare you, by coming in, my lady?"

"Yes, dear girl, I am about to rise."

"Did you sleep well, Madam?"

"As usual, Susan."

"Nothing disturbed you in the night, I hope, my lady?"

"Nothing, Susan."

"No, of course not, for windows have shutters to them and yes, there's no fear of anything in the house to the grave-yard," thought Susan, with a momentary relapse into credulity.

But her mistress was now rising, and Susan busied herself in assisting at her toilet.

Mary Queen of Scots had been criticised for dressing as carefully each day, in her prison of Fotheringay, as she had done in her palace. We have no doubt that it was a mere mechanical matter of habit, rather than of care or thought. Certainly it was only from force of habit that Lady Montrevor, in the course of her simple mutual toilet, arranged her hair in a plain and braided by her beautiful head of chest hair, to be carefully dressed by the hands of her accomplished maid. Susan laid the back locks and rolled them in as neat a knot and divided and disposed the front locks in as beautiful ringlets as if, instead of hiding in the wilderness, her ladyship had been going to receive morning company in the boudoir of Montrevor Castle. And with the same careful attention, the mistress and maid arranged everything else with its white lace collar and cuffs.

And then, as was her custom, she left the lady to her devotions, and passed into the parlor to open the shutters, light the fire, and set the solitary table for her morning meal.

Then she returned to the kitchen, where she found that the old woman had already made the coffee, made biscuits and put them to bake, and was now engaged in preparing a fat partridge for the gridiron.

Dear me! where did that quail come from?" asked Susan, in surprise and delight at the luxury provided for her lady's table.

"Dunno what you call him, child! you mean dis yere partridge, better as my old mas dere, honey; he his handy a one as you like, and he's as tame as good as my young feller gain', I tell you all good; you hears me, don't you?" replied the old woman, proudly and fondly eyeing her bird through the back door, whither now Susan directed her eyes to see old Neptune, the gander, standing on one leg, fowling-piece, and smiling meekly as was his wont.

The old man took off his hat and hands-kerchief, and bowed with his usual gentle salute of—

"Servant, Miss!"

"Good morning, father—you brought them?"

"Yes, Miss Susan, I brought them; and looking darkey, would like something for his breakfast."

"I'll tell her you brought it; you are so very good. I am sure she will value your kindness."

"Thank you, Miss Susan, and my humble do more for de Madam; she do look *wonderful* dis day."

And the old creature spoke sincerely; such an instance of thoughtful kindness was nothing unusual in him as he was now; for there is not on all the earth, perhaps, a set of creatures more "kindly affectioned" than the old negroes of the West Indian land.

The old man seemed delighted with the pleasure he had given, and settling down his gun, went and toasted himself with chopping and piling up wood, and making himself generally useful.

"Now, Mist'ess," he said, "you has wood enough to last you all day."

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed. But I am not Mistress," said Susan, smiling.

"What shall I call you, then, honey?"

"My name is Susan Copewood, and I am only Lady Montrevor's maid. You may call me Miss Susan, if you please."

"Yes, Miss Susan," replied the old man, mildly, as if that will do very well. Call me that, father."

The old creature smiled; he was delighted to hear this sweet-voiced, graceful young lady continue to call him father—not knowing that it was a title of respect Susan was to the habit of giving to very old men, of an humble class of life, in her native country.

As the breakfast was now ready, this "established" and arranged it carefully upon a waiter and carried it into the parlor, where she found her mistress seated at the table in her old attitude of mournful abstraction.

Susan arranged the service upon the table and then, with the purpose of drawing her mistress to conversation, said, triumphantly—

"There, my lady! look at that quail!"

"Yes, my dear Susan," answered the lady, abstractedly.

"But you don't look at it—you don't ask where it came from."

—Begin for—your will.

Lady Montrevor made no comment, and Susan slightly piqued, observed—

"Oh, to be sure, we are in the fabulous country where, quails fly in at the kitchen windows, already roasted!"

"Oh dear girl, what has vexed you?" inquired her ladyship, kindly, noticing now, for the first time, that her faithful attendant looked troubled.

"Nothing, my dear lady, only that you have no more curiosity about this quail, which I consider a treat, than if your butcher's grandmother had furnished it for the Hyde Hall breakfast table."

A little sudden mention of her old home, Lady Montrevor grew pale as death, and Susan in alarm hastened to explain.

"No, no—say nothing, you are not to blame. Susan!"

There was a pause, and then Susan entreated her mistress to try to partake of some breakfast, and especially to eat the quail.

And Lady Montrevor, rather to gratify the girl than to please herself, complied.

The idea of telling her mistress about the graveyard vision of the white-robed lady occurred to Susan; but the prudent girl dismissed the thought, and told instead the pleasant story of the old negro's generosity, and how he had supplied the game for breakfast.

Lady Montrevor listened, and replied—

"Bear the old man my thanks, Susan, and do not let his efforts go unrewarded."

"I will, my lady," answered Susan, obediently.

After breakfast, and after the young woman, with the assistance of the old negro, had put the rooms in order, and unpacked and disposed Lady Montrevor's wardrobe in the proper drawers, and laying her ladyship engaged in reading, she went up stairs and explored the upper rooms, which she found completely bare of furniture, and with the window glasses—the closed shutters concealing this latter mental discovery from the maid—while the plastering was cracked, and hanging in dangerous masses from the ceiling; and the floors of the doors were all broken; but the floor, and all the wood and brick work were perfectly sound.

From the uppermost chosen were up into the attic, which she found in even a worse condition—the window-panes broken, the plastering cracked, only the plastering but the lathing broken. But the roof was sound, and brick work good, although the deep stains on walls and floor proved that in rainy weather the roof leaked badly.

Susan was a new-comer to the new-world-built house, for all that; and a few hundred dollars well spent, would put the matter right, was the conclusion to which Susan came.

She then went down and inquired of old Ampby how the night hen made the village of Rascville, to which she wished to go, to procure some articles of dress and repair the house.

Ampby sneered her that the house "Charley" and all surveyed, "Charley" and all surveyed, "Charley" and all surveyed,

to Baltimore might even tempt us from Baltimore here!"

"Oh! no, no, no. Oh! Heaven of Heavens, but that is not that, Susan! Do not tell me that Lord Monstrewe has followed us hither!" exclaimed the lady in an extremity of distress.

"I wish, dear Madam, that I could say so; but that wouldn't alter the facts; his lordship landed with Miss Emelie, this morning."

"Oh, fate, fate! Oh, fate, fate!" cried Lady Montrewe, wringing her hands.

"Yes, fate! it is just fate! and it is no use to struggle against it, dear Madam! It would not buy of it were you! I would just yield!" exclaimed Susan, who could never be brought to relinquish the hope that her lost might be persuaded to return to England, and to all the fancied advantages of her social position.

"Is that on that subject, Susan. Oh, angels in Heaven, how shall I meet him now dressed upon my drudgery! Susan! where is his lordship?"

"That is the wonderful part of it, my lady! I could easily guess that he would have followed us here, but that after landing, without coming near the house, he should take his carriage to the town, and go off to the woods for a day's shooting, is what I cannot comprehend at all!"

"And it is what his lordship would never do, if he knew of our presence, and had followed us hither! There is more mystery here, Susan! It is just possible that he has not followed us—yet, even in this case, it is scarcely possible that he can escape discovering us."

"Ah! my dear lady, if he does not yet know of your presence here, it would be very easy to conceal ourselves from his knowledge, from one thing—"

"And what is that?"

"Your name, dear lady—your name! Mrs. Elliott! Ah! if you had only called yourself Mrs. Thompson or Mrs. Smith!"

"Ah, but my girl, neither of these names was mine; while that which I am using now is my baptismal name, and the only one, that I am certain of having a claim upon, and the only one that, in wearing, I shall do no injury to anybody!" said the lady, mournfully.

Susan sighed, and looked into that troubled countenance with the wish—with the prayer that she herself could only have a portion of her lady's burthen of sorrow.

"And so, she, my girl, not heard me my dressing-gown and slippers. There; I flunk you. Now go and give my respects to Miss Brenda, and request her to come directly to me. I am impatience, as she slipped on her morning-gown, put her feet in them, and sunk into her own plush armchair.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MAY—A CHILD.

BY ERNA ALICE BROWNE

Oh, bend her tresses broad and bright,
The day is nearly past—
Her waking, patient, for the night,
And sleep hath come at last;
Should sad wishes—or sad sighs—
Her will the wind is blowing;
Oh, flutter, I dare not tell astray
Within you her shroud are sowing!

When next the June's red sunset breaks
Across the weary night,
The Summer's dainty hands will make
Her grave-sweet bed and bright;
Bright with the meadow's purple clover,
The daisy's vesture blossoms,
And the mourner's tender pansy
They lay on dead young bosoms.

The marble arbor bend and fall,
Can never seem to me,
Nor say 'tis pale and cold—
One half so pale as she!
But softly like the rest of white hands
Across from work forever,
Her hands will fold, and her pale strands
Of the liberal river.

A CONVERSATION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY CLARA STUDDIFF.

"Why, in the name of all that's curious, May Benton, have you never got married?"

This question was asked by a gentleman of some thirty-five or six years of age, who had been for nearly twenty minutes favoring the current acquaintance of a lady who sat near him at a work table.

The gentleman was a fine, handsome man, with frank, well-formed features, and pleasing expression. He was handsomely dressed, and to judge by the looks of his hair you might have said that he had a wife, but he had no other *experts* like a married man; which he did not.

The room in which the two were sitting betokened wealth and taste. Its proportions were evidently in the upper ranks of life.

The lady addressed was a person of fair, interesting face, and graceful form. She certainly did look remarkably well as she sat there, clad with its abundant and shining hair, and plied her white hands in the task which employed her sight, and apparently her thoughts.

Probably a conviction of her attractiveness and worth had caused the question which her companion put in such a hearty abrupt tone, that May started and dropped the red worsted work upon which she had been intent.

"What a question!" she cried, with a light laugh—"and as if I cared about being married!"

"Why should you not care, May? Surely it is the best and highest state for man or woman."

"Granted! with a proviso," said May; "but, Mr. Rowlett, you think so, why have you never married?"

"You are a true Yankee, May, and answer a question by putting another; but let me see, why you are, at thirty years of age, still single?"

"How do you dare to call me thirty years old? Upon my word, if you were not brother to my sister-in-law I should speak to you for a week."

May pretended to pout; and the pout was quite becoming to her full, arched lips.

"Didn't myself tell you my true age? and only the day before yesterday. Your memory seems very short, Miss Benton."

"Well, I didn't expect you was going to throw it up to me that I was an old maid, to pay me for my confidence in you."

"Oh! May,—did I say that?—and if I did, you can break my heart-strings by flinging back my very taunt. But, come now, do answer my question."

"I never could get anybody to have me;" said May, shortly. "Are you satisfied?"

"No. You need not tell me that a person so interesting and attractive as you are, has never had ardent lovers. I know better, May—so tell me fairly why you are not Mrs. Somebody, now?"

May suddenly sobered down and said, nervously—"It's because no man *wise loves I could* esteem ever loved me."

And she resumed her work.

How her face had altered. Its former sweet calm it is stern, hard expression, as if she were saying, lady—

"It matters not—I can wrestle down these yearnings for something worthy and calm, and true and strong, against which to lean; for something winning—and tender and loving, which to love. If there is no heart on earth, where best love is the love I want, I can do without it—I can walk to the *end* of life as I have walked thus far."

Rosalie regarded her in long attention. He had known her for many years, and had often wondered at her great indifference to the allegiance of the gentlemen. He had even, on more than one occasion, taken her to task for her manner towards them.

"You want allow them to become acquainted with you well," he said. "If they are, they are introduced to a man, that's the last of it. All the young men admire, but they are afraid of you. You chill them to death. I heard only soon ago that he thought you a beautiful and interesting creature; but then he would not soon undertake to warm into love an *iceberg* as yourself—even if to find courage to make a setting for himself."

A skeptical smile had been the only answer to such remarks.

How could May believe that she was capable of inspiring affection in others when those who knew her best were so lightly touched by it.

Rosalie had been for three or four years absent, and had been thinking much about her, sometimes as she sat in the room at her father's side, busy in the duties of a dependent fortune; and happy in his sister's home —next to my happy in the companionship of May. When he heartily believed to be the best, the wisest, and most lovely girl in the world. He had once thought her fair, and suddenly lost, a fair, sweet bride; still ever since he had hardly allowed himself to think of her thus. And May herself did not know as he wished to marry. He was well satisfied with his "state and condition," and with his new home: to be sure he did feel uneasy and dissatisfied all the while he was abroad. Nobody's company was to fill the void in his heart, and he sent him his sister so—and May—oh! how glad he was to see them when he returned—how very strange he thought it was that May didn't rush at him in the old way, and kiss him as his sister and sister did; but he took full satisfaction of the contrary-creature when she did come to welcome him.

And so May isn't married yet! he mused. She isn't rather too bad; but *I'm glad of it!*

May came very often to Rosalie's lady boys, and was a favorite with them, and with the child! Romantic and timid, a little girl, but at least, not heartless—not cowardly—not tyrannical or mean.

I always loved Don Quixote for riding full tilt against the windmills. I loved the poor old knight in my guise, and was glad to imitate him when I could. Ah, would that I had thrown defiance in the face of countless social abuses, and countless moral evils, so rashly and courageously as I did then, in the days of my imaginary fun! Alas! alas! —the days of our childhood are our best and happiest days.

OUR FRIENDS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Friendship is one of the fine arts; but we desire it to be more handicraft. We are apt to group into a holy and chaste ministry; but only a few receive it as a sacrament. Our friendships are overtaken, and the place of sincere angels fear to tread; and friendship has become, in many, little else than a chatted and commodity.

Our affections are the most blossoming vines in the gardens of our hearts; and the sensitive tendrils that encircle the altar and climb the steeple of the beautiful, are our fine instincts, which do not withstand, if the rude hand of selfishness touch them. These institutes are constantly outraged, or ignored. Damon cannot wait for his Pythias, and strikes his every minute with a dagger. Melody's blood boils and quantities have a strange fascination for Damon, and Pythias is left to perish. Dorothy are coupled—eagle and jackdaw—floating down the stream of life together.

But the eternal laws of adjustment, however set at naught, cannot be annulled. A spirit of nonconformity, and in the end, of our social field has become, for the most part, a grand arena of selfishness and jealousy, and a battle. Who should learn the wisdom of Shakspeare:

> "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
> The dearest and most exact proof of your choice
> Let not any spirit tax for your oppose.
> Nor dull the palate with too much familiarity.
> Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
> Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee.
> Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
> Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
> And they in France of the best rank and station
> Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
> Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
> This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Friendship is not a suit for the philosopher. Its delicate nature is not to be reached by reasoning and classified by the analyst. It is a dim, hovering beauty that we may not grasp;—a thing of joy, that glides past as an unconscious, perfumed breeze, and speaks. If we pursue it curiously, with garish eyes, we destroy the spell. The glory in the wings has faded. Our clamoring fire-fly has become a black fly.

Yet the soluble interior philosophy of friendship has its outside indications which may be considered with safety and profit. These reveal as much formally as the basis of all noble alliance, and touch the hearts of friends as cords, to be sure, but the reverence—dust fruits of the tree of immortal love, of which we can no more pluck, or analyze, or spend a prayer, and partake of sketchonically.

We see too much of our friends. Nothing human can abide the test of constant scrutiny, or is proof against some one of the forms of weariness and disgust which familiarity will produce. Therefore We must put on the incorruptible, and do friendly with an additional exercise, before even human nature is uninterrupted fellowship without a surfeit. There is a kind of solitude in the blending of minds and hearts, that is very sweet and wholesome, but it is a long remove from that complete isolation which is the result of a too constant companionship. Reverence calms relief, and breathes, and expands, and lifts. Even the worshipper, with upward eye and fervid gazing of a friend falls on him our like music.

Friendship has its moods: and those moods must be respected. There is the mute angel of tenderness sitting always in the inner-chamber of the heart, with its low breathing late; but the door is sometimes closed, so that we neither see the fair visitor, nor hear the sweet ministering. The master spirit may be a mystic, floating in an ideal world, forgetful of the delicate ministrations, if not the needs of friendship, while we are sitting and waiting in the vestibule. But he is your beautiful friend in time; may be, is so much more to you. His wide realm of fancy, is it not part of your own domain? Be patient, and the rapt soul will come down to you a nobler possession.

The door of the confidential room may be open; but, at times, some one has come never heard, and whose outlines are but dimly defined, may pass to and fro in the corridor, shutting away, at intervals, the light within. But the light burns on, and the kindred spirit must gain wisdom. We must learn to love our friends with a great faith. The mould of our friendly nerve degenerates into moodiness. Nobility is dignity; and only little minds indulge in peevishness and caprice.

A melancholy friend is a sorry fellow-pilgrim with whose giants, Grim and Despair, you must wage much day a new battle. His sorrows are hydra-headed; and his imagination is a vast fen of rejected woes, when other lights are dancing, and ill-omened bags mutter incantations. Eschew sombre companionships. Unless the life-current of your own heart is strong enough to force the sluggish stream with which it is united, above the banks and pebbles—to thread the way to the lively and pleasant valley—unless it be broad and clear enough to reflect the sunlight of your own, it will be borne away into the mist and darkness.

The temple of friendship is not a house of mourning, but one in which to enter with a spirit of truth fit will find his overcoming purposes overturned, and his life-work in the day-time, or hour of knowledge—There is no satisfaction in having a friend who is not a man or woman of him," had he said, of some healthful, ruggedly mild, and is as false-hearted in sentiment as his subversive of all harmony in relationship. Valentine's advice to the Duke of Milan:

> "He who is one, and one, if he respect not worth,
> Dream yourth alone, in their silent kind,
> Is not worthy of his own; no woman's mind!"—

is no less a commentary upon the quality of Valentine's friendship, than it is a reproof to the Duke, a gross libel upon womanhood. Friendship hath the place of a heaven-sent choice chastener; but If

> "He eyes or on the contrary,
> And the blind feed bears it."

If you do not look beyond the delicate set to the spirit of love that should crown and sanctify it, you will find yourself in the midst of many a disheartening vapor;—your silver and your gold will be dim, and your fair flowers will wither. Your friends should be our good angels, rich in resources, and in their graces, legal in action, and generous in expression. The soothing alchimy of such involves no bond, and admits of no obligation. Goodly favors and fidelities do not entice them, and "favors reciprocated" is a term unknown in their friendship.

It is a great thing to win a friend; it is a great thing to wear the jewel when it is won. Among the priceless gems; it is greater still to tailor and cultivate a friendship for the new life.

THE OPIUM EATER.

BY M. WOODSMITH.

Ah, fatal fruit, thy power soon more, to taste
The bliss of one delicious hour than all the fame
Of heaven's joyous sun and sky sublime,
Or earth's fair flowers, or ocean's pearly caves.
Thou art the fairest fruit that ever grew;
I breast the sweeping flow of Death's dark sea,
And pluck thee from the fatal tree that bears
And rudely torn by cruney cursing waves,
Stretches head against the wind, for clasping child,
Wounded from his dearest, fondest, fond breast.
And then I lost thee, as the angry flood
Forsake in my pain, and sit within
The darkened cabin of the fire of fate.
But there's the heaven to towards the land,
Where I can see the fruit that I have lost,
And thou compassion has had the good mercy
Of heaven's fair tokens long and golden way.

Ah, now I taste thee: how my spirit burns—
Thou fate is the most sacred destiny,
Unanimous smells my vision, and while
Thou fruit of heaven, I am in the world,
Where, until, lucky wide world with
Some charm of the green pools me with song,
Where love and action, are great as Heaven—glory
As the murmur of the subsiding sea!
Where all the fairest creatures weave
Like raging blackness upon my view
Their locust, their beauty on the wind
In mysterious darkness into, like hideous flame,
Their heads and all their wheeling, dances the way,
And joining eyed up-wind bound joyous in the mist,
Like the sea-gulls in the storm.
I repeat the incantation with laughing eyes,
And float magnetic through the sea of joy
Of heaven's highest mist.

But, but! thou pang,
That form! Oh God! That cold white face!
Thrusts up his misty hand from mother earth,
And I am left to my own wretchedness.
I die! I freeze! my soul—oh, terrible!

AN OLD MAN'S VIEWS;

OR,

CONSOLATION FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

Many of your correspondents, Ms. Ledger, seem to assume like most of the writers that have gone before, in order to determine concerning that which I have tried than many who talk of *Marriage is generally unhappy*; but as I have an equal right to give my opinion of the objects about me, I will endeavor to do so, and to determine that state which I have tried than many who talk of *Marriage is generally unhappy*; but as I have an equal right to give my opinion of the objects about me, I will endeavor to do so, and to determine concerning that

"THE CLOUDS THAT SHUT ME OUT FROM HEAVEN."

BY ALLEN M. BUTAN.

To cluthers thikes that wracker on
Give the shockless sense of space—
To cautious things I am to fast to lose
To call of the spirits' place?

I've seen you oft when ye floated white
Through the mid-day sky's deep blue—
Dyed with summer's golden, purple light,
I have gazed upon ye, too.

And in the chaos of summer's storms,
When the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled,
I've watched the clouds of the tempest form
Trail black through the silvery sky.

And I've noted ye oft when the spirit's light
Was melting the coldness natural,
If ye now are mad like forms of light,
And know that we loved them once!

But now that I know such quest in vain,
Oh, ye silent clouds! I will
Will I breathe wild words of the shadowy train
That's gone to the shadowy above.

Yet I'm weary, and there is a place of rest—
Earth is dark, and Heaven has light—
Then part, oh, clouds! that the loved and blest
May welcome my spirit to sight.

AN IMPATIENT MOTHER

BY T. S. ARTHUR

Two children, a boy and a girl, were playing happily together, and had been playing in the most perfect harmony for over an hour. The pleasure of one seemed to be the pleasure of the other. If Amy suggested some new amusement, John agreed in cheerful good humor; and it was the same with Amy, if her brother proposed any change in their sports or employments.

"Let's play keep house, Johnny," said Amy, at last, growing weary over the toy house which they had been building.

John was ready for paper dolls, or anything else his little companion might propose. So Amy brought the chest from her box of painted dresses, and the two children sat down upon the floor to arrange and fit them upon the forms of men and women that were also contained in the box.

"O, Amy!" said Johny, affording a look of astonishment. "All my Flora's dresses are out of fashion. She must have one of the new Talmas before she can go visiting again. Won't you make a velvet dress and cloak for her; if I cut them out?"

Nothing could have pleased John, at the time, better than this proposal. He went tugging off upstairs for his paint box, while Amy, delighted with the happiest mood possible, to her mother's room, and commenced turning over the things in her work-basket.

"What do you want there?" the mother spoke, in quick, quick tones.

Amy started and drew back a step or two from the basket, her face flushing and a timid, darkening lip the pure brow on which the sunshine rested only a moment before.

"I want the scissors," answered the child.

"Well, you can't have them. So, go away with you!"

"I want to cut some new dresses for my Flora," urged the child, upon whose spirits the bright, and dying her hand in among the labyrinth of spools, tape, muslin and card which it contained. A sudden change had come over her feelings. It fell like a shadow upon her young spirit, and dimmed, for the time, all its brightness.

When she returned to the room in which, only a few moments before, she had parted with her brother, her child of mind was entirely changed. He was already there, with his box of paints, and a sheet of white paper, from which to cut the new dresses for Flora.

"Did you get the scissors?" he asked.

"No," answered Amy, pouting her lips, and looking very unamiable.

"Why?"

"Mother wouldn't give them to me."

John looked disappointed. He stood, for a little while, looking now at the paint box and sheet of paper in his hands, and now at the altered face of his sister. The sister with whom he had been playing so sweetly for an hour.

"Amy!" he said, at length, in a comforting voice. "Flora will have to wait for her new cloak. She must wear one of her old dresses today. Here is a bandanna one;"

"I don't want to play in paper dolls." Amy looked still more unlovely. For from an fair brow was bruiser, and her lips were the pouting that sadly marred her childish features.

John's face became troubled. The current of his feelings, which had been gliding along so smoothly, with the sunshine on its bosom, encountered rippling over stony obstructions. He sat down upon the floor, beside the box of painted dolls, and in a kind of way commenced turning over the figures and dresses. Presently he took up a bonnet, and began holding it over the head of a wench, though not in a manner to injure or disfigure it.

"Don't do that!" said Amy, curtly. "You'll spoil the bonnet." And she came quickly forward, and snatched from her hand one of the small piece of painted card-board from her brother. John, indeed of giving it up in a kind way, was offended at his sister's manner, and thrust the bonnet behind him, out of her reach.

"Give it to me, John!" The child's reddening face marked her spirits rising anger.

But John did nothing else. He still kept the bonnet beyond her grasp.

"I'll tell mother if you don't give me my doll's bonnet!" cried Amy, with increasing ill-nature.

"Tell her! I don't care!" replied the boy.

"Give me the bonnet!"

"I won't until I please."

"Mother!" Amy turned to the door, crying out in an impetuous voice.

"What do you want?" The tone in which this query was uttered, showed the mother's state of feeling to be quite as much disturbed as that of her children.

"John won't give me my doll's bonnet!"

"John!" the mother called to him sharply.

"I'm not hurting the bonnet," answered John.

"Yes he is, mother." "He's bending it all up and spoiling it."

"It's no such thing, mother," responded John. "John!" called the mother, sternly.

"Mother!"

"Give Amy her doll's bonnet this instant!"

"There! Take the bonnet, you mean, selfish thing!" and John threw the bonnet upon the floor.

"Mother! He wont give it to me!" called out the now thoroughly exasperated little girl, as she saw the bonnet tossed upon the floor.

At this the mother threw from her hands the work upon which she was engaged, and starting up in a position, came with quick step and a resolute air into the room where her children were in dispute.

"Didn't I tell you to give your sister her doll's bonnet?" she exclaimed, seizing the now frightened little boy by the arm, and holding him with a tight grip. "Say, didn't I tell you to do you mean by such conduct?"

"You didn't give it to me, mother. You only threw it at me," was indignantly answered by Amy.

The mother saw that Amy had partly deceived her, and that she had been too quick to punish.

"You are a naughty, story-telling girl!" she said, turning with a new indignation towards Amy, and raising her hand to punish her also. But, instantly, the aspect of the child stayed the up-lifted hand, and the smarting stroken fell not upon the frightened culprit.

"Naughty children!" she said, as she regulated a little self-possession, "naughty children to be always quarrelling with one another! I'm surprised and ashamed of you! Wint will your father say, when he comes home? How will he feel when he knows that his little boy and girl have been angry with one another? It will make him sick and sad to think that my children should act so unlovely!"

Very little of a right impression did the mother's censure make upon the minds of her unhappy children. Both looked down, and seemed lost in their own darkening anger had clouded. They stood with pouty averted faces, silent, sullen, and filled with unkindness in their hearts. Their apparent want of penitence, fretted their weak mother's mind. She looked for, at least required, an obedient yielding on their part. She expected them to be kind to friends again. At once the spirit of love and kindness were vassals that came and went at mother's bidding. But, she could not command the son of love to shine, nor scatter, with a breath of her will, the shadows that were around their young spirits.

"I must separate you!" she at length said, with a strong sense of failure and mortification, and more anger of angry indignation than love. "Amy, do you go over into my room and stay there alone, until I call you; and you, John, go off to the garret, where you can't hurt anything, and stay there until I come home. I shall tell him of all this!"

As if any place would be more agreeable than that to which their mother commanded, sends these, the two children, at this command, went quickly away; Amy into the chamber, and John up stairs into the lonely garret. Both, the instant they were separated, began abandoned themselves to anger.

—Any wishing to herself as if her burdened little heart would break, and John standing still in the centre of the garret floor, with clenched hands, and ring rapidly over his burning cheeks. To the boy there was a sexual mystery in the mother's change towards him which his sister had manifested. He could not, at first, understand why it was that she should have a pair of scissors to cut out dresses for her paper dolls, and he could understand how this privilege had been denied him. He was not yet quite unskilled in the philosophy of mental transition to comprehend how the disappointment and anger he had wrought in her so great a change of feeling to-ward himself, and caused her to act with selfish unkindness.

If John's mother had not punished him, he could have forgiven Amy. But, to be punished, and that only for a moment by his shrinking body, still smarted on the spirit as gratefully as the wounds were given in sudden anger. In a little while, the boy's tears ceased to flow. Sitting down, on an old chest, and in the shadow of an unhinged door, he brooded in loneliness and sorrow over the early mystery of life, in a spirit of hate and bitterness of hate towards those by whom he felt that he had been wronged. Anger still swelled and beat wave in each of his young heart, and, already, its latent principle of life was moving with a wild force.

"I'll not ask to play with Amy again!" he said to himself, spitefully. "Amy she's look into one of mother's scissors, and I'll not tell her where they are, nor more point another doll's dress for her. I'll throw her kites out of the window, and put her canary out of the cage—and I'll burn every one of her playthings that I can put my hands to!"

Now, though John never executed any of these threats of revenge, he did, in the course of the day, in earnest when he made them, so full of bad feelings was his heart. And though, on the very next day, he passed hours with her in sport, he did not feel right toward her, and was not so willing to yield his will to her pleasure as he had been a few times past.

As for Amy, poor child! She was wretched enough, alone in her mother's room, when, but for that mother's angry reproof, she might, with a pair of scissors, she might still have been playing happily with her brother, who had been separated from her, and sent away up into the garret, where she was afraid to stay all by herself for even a single moment.

An hour after the mother had punished her children, she had settle her work, and went over into her chamber to see what Amy was doing.

"Into some mischief, I'll warrant!" she said to herself, as she thought how very quiet the child had been. But she found her asleep on the floor, with the tears yet undried upon her cheeks. A sudden tenderness came over her feelings, and lifting the sleeping child in her arms she laid her upon the bed, and smoothing back the moist hair from her forehead, stood and looked for some moments into her still and face. She sighed heavily as the mother's love came rushing back into her heart, and bending down she kissed one the kissed her fervently.

Then a thought of John caused her to turn from the bed-side and go out into the passage, and up to the third story of the house. Standing at the foot of the garret stairs, she called him in a peppered voice. No answer came. She called by name, but still no answer came. Then she ascended. Not only the echo of her voice came down to her listening ears. A few hurried steps brought her to the room, up to which she had banished her offending boy. He, too, was asleep, lying upon the old chest, where he had at first seated himself. His head was resting upon the hard wood, and the position of his body, as it rested upon the old chest, where he had at first seated himself. His head was resting upon the hard wood, and the position of his body, as it rested upon it, was most uncomfortable one.

The mother laid her hand upon him.

The boy started up with a terrified air. He had no consciousness of his sister—they had quarrelled in the dream, and he had struck her a heavy blow on the head with a piece of iron, and seen her fall down upon the floor dead. All this seemed the voice of his mother had awakened him.

"O, mother! I didn't mean to do it!" he cried out, looking fearfully around him.

"Do what, my child?" was asked in a soothing voice.

For a moment or two, John continued to glance around him in a bewildered manner, and then said, as he leaned his face upon his mother, and burst into tears,

"It was only a dream."

Tenderly his mother drew her arm around him, as she said, in tones of gentle admonition—

"Naughty feelings bring naughty dreams."

John, if she could have seen him for this "naughty dream," she was responsible, and not the child, it would have been better for that child, and for all of her children in the great future of their lives.

Mothers, be patient with your children. Wrong them not by sudden anger. Mar not a child's future happiness by anger. If they are wont to be angry with one another; to quarrel in their plays; to have the spirit of discord among them, do not look close to yourselves, and see if the cause thereof does not lie partly at your own door. Perhaps the fault lies in your own temper.

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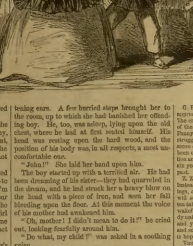

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZOROTE says a female friend of hers became enamored of a gentleman who was a total stranger to her, after seeing his picture in the part of her friends, married him. For a year, he was very attentive to her, and seemed to love her dearly. But his wife let him, along with her other rights, treat her with contempt. Now, she wishes to know if she has a right to claim a divorce from him, and to ask him to support her. Another year of poverty and wretchedness followed; the husband became tired of his wife, and deserted her at the end of the time; and then came a second separation. Six months after this, Zorote's friend died, and she was married a third time to a man who was a gambler, and who, after squandering her again in return to him, and endure poverty and suffering for another year, was sent to the State Prison for forgery, although her love for him continued strong for some six months after his imprisonment. Now, she is a widow, and is falling in love with such a man in the first place, nor for her husband, but for the man himself, and wishes to know how to obtain the means for her. We cannot throw any light upon the subject, for we do not know the man, and have not enacted on his spirit as gratefully as the wounds that were given in sudden anger. In a little while, the boy's tears ceased to flow. Sitting down, on an old chest, and in the shadow of an unhinged door, he brooded in loneliness and sorrow over the early mystery of life, in a spirit of hate and bitterness of hate towards those by whom he felt that he had been wronged. Anger still swelled and beat wave in each of his young heart, and, already, its latent principle of life was moving with a wild force.

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H. M.—Try the following simple remedy, suggested by Mr. Coit, in his "Observations on Impediments of Speech." "Let the patient, when he commences to read, utter the words in the softest mode he is the master, and when it is discovered he is in a fair of power over his organs of speech, let him read with a deliberate, gradual closing of the glottis; and such process, however difficult and imperfect may be their utterance, free of words of construction of grammar readings, are surely able to sing, and raise even in read poetry, without hesitancy any defect. The reason is this—and it should be the mission of every newer stage, and in reading poetry or declamation, to be observed—that the act or refusal of voice to stop, it is essential that the glottis should remain open. To effect this, apply a remedy of the first importance, and the simplicity necessary to produce a cure by allowing an easy simple act of the glottis to be made, and to be made with the full force with which nature, the glottis to make it, and not the force of voice unnecessarily flowing through it, is thereby ready to be enabled by the associative organs to form any words that may be declared. The only peculiarity will be a pitching of all the words by the voice, which will, as long as it is continued, will prevent the closure of the glottis, and consequently the hesitancy of the impediment." The remedy is indeed apparent as simple, that our correspondent and others afflicted should, will do well to test it by immediate practice.

THEORIES is very much united by what he calls our "Anglo-Saxon tendency to the practical," and the impossible upon it as any theories in Correspondence. And begs that we will favorably consider a system which is based upon nature, and the inborn world generally, and not on uniformity which appears "not to go deep enough into nature and circumstances whatsoever." We cannot exactly with any of Thompson's remedies, because, in the first place, he is under our decision by imagination; in the second place, shows that he has not understood the spirit of our remarks. And in the third place, does not seem to know what he means, or what he wants himself. We cherish no animosities against even the members of any profession, although we do condemn the practices of many members of it. We are not aware that there are any physicians, members of the medical profession, who mean to do evil, and aim at morality, but the secret worshippers, and the consciences which they are so incessantly surrounded, constantly determine their success, and we believe that the evil results are considered by them never intended to injure or wound the feelings of any human being. We are opposed to the practice of quackery, to quackeries, of whatever nature, we must utter our honest convictions, and, as a individual divine used to say, "how it has to do the chips fly in whom they fall."

H. A. Leslie.—If you are engaged to be married should be exceedingly careful how she corresponds with other gentlemen and the style and spirit which such correspondence. If she is ashamed to show to you, or your parents, and does, or would be ashamed to show to you, or your parents, and does, or would be ashamed to show to you, or your parents, and does, or would be